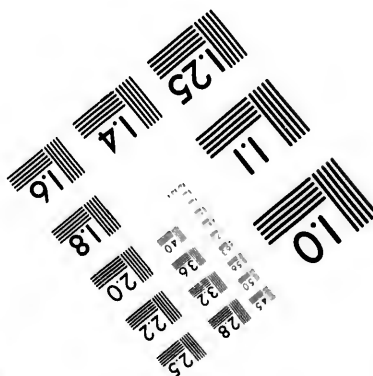
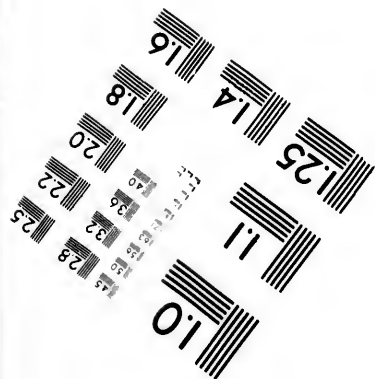
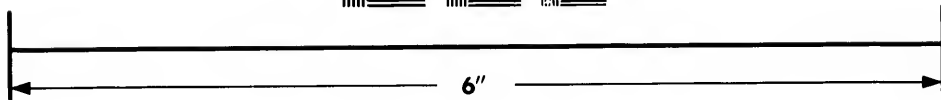
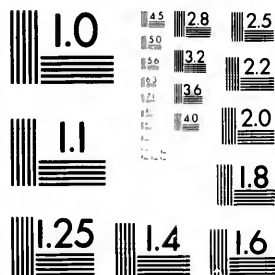


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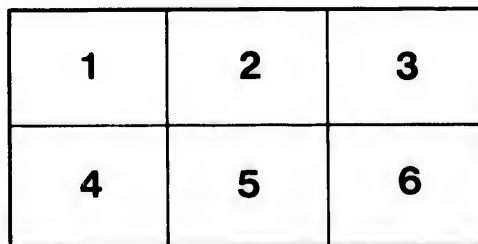
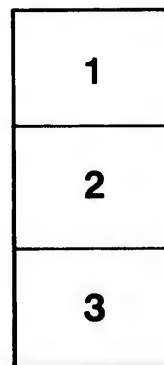
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A COMPLETE WORK

OF

ROBERT MURDOCH,

P. L. P.,

CONTAINING HIS

POEMS, SONGS, TOASTS
AND EPIGRAMS,

With a Sketch of the Life of the Poet,
FROM HIS SCHOOL DAYS UP TO THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION
OF THIS WORK.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY WM. MACNAB, 3 PRINCE STREET.

1890.



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THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In presenting this book to the public it is necessary that they should know a little about the Author, so I will endeavor to tell them, in as brief a manner as possible. My father was the youngest son of William Murdoch, who was drowned off Pictou Island when out fishing. My mother was the daughter of the late Thomas and Rachel Tanner, who emigrated to this country in the year 1819, from Brandon, County Cork, Ireland.

In this brief sketch I shall try and give an account of myself, as far as I can remember, from my school boy days. My birth dates back to the 26th Nov., 1836. My first recollection of going to school was to what was called the "Infant School," taught by Miss Wilson. After leaving her school, I was sent to the school of James Hogg, the most unfeeling tyrant, I believe, that ever was permitted to rule over children, for, so far as I am concerned, I must admit that whatever he taught me one day he beat out the next, and his chastisement was so severe that I continually played truant. How long I went to his school I do not remember, but I know that when I left I could scarcely write my name, the only thing I was good at was reading. In the year 1847 my mother died, leaving me and two sisters, the eldest a young woman and the other a mere child of five or six years. From the time of my mother's death until I went to learn my trade, I had what might be called a hard time, being kicked and knocked about on all sides. I can assure my readers it was joyous news for me when my father told me I was to be bound to E. M. McDonald for four years and a half to learn the printing business. I would have gladly gone anywhere and done anything to get clear of home, where I had no comfort or happiness. I went with Mr. McDonald, and of him I can truthfully say, a better master to a boy could not be found; and as for his wife, who was a daughter of the late James Fogo, no better mistress could be found. Mrs. McDonald was but a short time married when I went to serve my time, and I shall never forget what I heard her say to the servant-girl one day. She did not know, when she was speaking to Christy (for that was her name), that I happened

to be within hearing distance. This girl's name was Christy Campbell, from the Highlands of Scotland, and who spoke tolerably good English. Mrs. McDonald asked her how long she had been in the house, but I do not remember Christy's answer. Mrs. McDonald remarked, "Christy, there is one thing I wish you not to forget, and it is to be good to the boys, because it is by the boys I am getting my living; so if I am not good to them, I cannot expect them to work as they ought. If they complain just let me know." She did not know that I heard her, but I can assure my readers she did her part, and did it well; yet some of them growled, though they had as good, if not better, than ever they got at home. Mr. McDonald was somewhat different in some ways, but not so far as generosity and goodness of heart went, but in some other ways. For instance, if you worked a whole year and did not ask him for money, he would never give you any; but when you did ask him he would give you all he had, never thinking about himself. A year or so before my time was out, I used to hear the other apprentices talking about "John Duncan," and for a long time I did not understand who he was; but by what they all said I was led to believe he was a terror, and that when he came and took charge, all my days of pleasure would be over. The day came and he arrived, and I must confess that I was very anxious to see this terrifier of everybody; but I am glad to be able to say I was disappointed, for no better man did I want. The trouble with the rest of the hands was that he made them pay more attention to their work. I never remember having a cross word with him more than once or twice. I remember hearing him ask Edward one day who I was, and upon being told, remarked, "Well, I tell you, there is something in that boy that will surprise every person who may live to see it, mind what I tell you." I brought this to John Duncan's mind a short time before he died, when he remarked that he remembered the circumstance well, and, says he, "was I not right?"—meaning my poetical ability, some of which is here presented to the general public.

After I had served my time, I could not get anything to do, so I determined to seek my fortune elsewhere, and the next summer I started to Boston in hope of getting something to do. After a few days I got a job, but it did not last long; so I had to look elsewhere. The times in Boston at this time were very dull, but I got a good job, after knocking about from one place to another, on a paper called the *Anglo Saxon*, owned by Bartlett, St. John & Co. Dr. Bartlett, who had formerly owned the *New York Albion*, was Editor-in-chief. I worked on it for nine months, when the great financial crisis came—I think in the year 1856—when it was suspended in the fall of that year. Then I returned home, poorer than when I left. But I am before my story. Before my time expired with Mr.

McDonald, my father got married to Janet Gordon, of Gairloch, and I can, with the greatest truth and pleasure, say that she was one of the best stepmothers that was ever put over orphan children; my mother, I say with truth, never treated me nor my little sister better. I firmly believe had she been more harsh and severe it would have been better for us both; but it was not her nature, she being always of a quiet disposition. My sincere wish is that when she leaves this world she may attain everlasting joy and felicity, for she certainly deserves it, as she is a good God-fearing christian mother.

As I said before, I returned from Boston and remained home all winter, and, early in the spring of 1857, I went to the village of Antigonish to work on the *Casket*, at that time owned by the late John Boyd; but a circumstance occurred which caused me to leave for home at the expiration of three months. The circumstance which caused me to leave Antigonish was, that I fell in love with a young girl named Ann Kell, and the cause of all the trouble was religion. She being a Roman Catholic, her parents would not hear to my paying attentions to her, and being forbidden to enter the house or to see her on any account, I concluded to leave, as I was well aware it would only make matters worse for her and me. So after vowing to her, and she to me, to be true to each other, I took my departure for home. As I have said before, in about one year from the time we first met, we were married. It was then my happiness began, and I can truly thank God that from the day of our marriage to the day of her death, I never had cause to regret the step I took. She was all that any man could desire, — a kind and loving wife and mother. I do not think I ever had twenty minutes disturbance with her; she was of too kind and loving a nature to cause herself or any other person sorrow. One noble trait in her character was charity. No matter who the person was that came, she never sent them away empty. I will never forget a circumstance which occurred one day while I happened to be out. Some poor unfortunate man called and asked for charity. She remarked that she was poor as well as himself, but he pled for money, asking it for God's sake. When she heard this she could not resist his pleading any longer, and, on going to the till, she found that all she had in the world was what he asked, so she gave it to him, for which he thanked her kindly, at the same time remarking, "God will reward you for this." And his words came true, for it was not more than an hour after when a large number of people called, and after they had left she found she had just taken in something like ten or twelve dollars. It always appeared to do her good to do a kind act. And many a one she did, as many people in Pictou can testify. Her children were her greatest care; she never tired in ministering to their wants, but always with great care, and not with an

extravagant hand. As far as religion was concerned, we never had any trouble. I remained home until the fall of 1858, working in the *Eastern Chronicle* Office, under the management of E. M. McDonald, when the *Standard* was started in October of that year, under the management of S. H. Holmes.

At the expiration of one year from the time I first went to Antigonish I returned again, and eloped with a fine girl, Ann, a daughter of the late Angus and Abigail Kell. We were married on Palm Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. DeBlois, on the 17th of April, 1859, by whom I became the father of twelve children, eight of whom are still living,—five boys and three girls. After my marriage I continued to work on the *Standard* for two or three years, but my health giving out, I left and went fishing lobsters, at which I made money very fast, and, best of all, having a prudent, careful partner, she took good care of it. In winter I generally got a job in the *Eastern Chronicle* or *Standard* Office, and when the spring came I went back to the fishing, as there was more money in it, though the work was harder; but the difference in wages was the great object. I had often made, fishing, from six to seven dollars a day, which caused the people to wonder how I made the money that bought the land and built the house in which I am now living. When I got my house partly furnished I moved into it and opened a seaman's boarding house in which I made some money, but not very much. I believe from what experience I had of that business it is one of the hardest any man or woman ever undertook. Those knowing nothing about it imagine it is all gain, and no loss, but they are very much mistaken; for my part, from what I know of it I would not try it again for any amount, as there is nothing but trouble and contention from morning till night, week in and week out.

I have no doubt but many people will ask where I got my education. Well, to be plain, I tell them I got it all in the printing offices in Pictou, for as I have said before, I learned none in school, so I had no other place to get it.

I went into the liquor business for a few years, but often not having license, I, like all the rest, was often fined very heavily, this taking away both principal and profit. It is not hard to see to-day where the rumseller's profits went in those days. I shall never forget a circumstance which occurred under my own observation in this town when I was violating the law. I was in the Clerk of License office one day talking matters over, when a man called in, and, after the usual compliments of the day were passed, the stranger asked the Clerk if he could not settle that bill of \$30.00 or \$40.00, which was now due, when the Clerk remarked that he had not the cash just then, but, said he, "I will give you my note at three months and you can get it cashed." The stranger accepted it and went away. I then came out, and shortly after the Clerk passed me counting his

fingers, commencing with the little finger and stopping when he counted "eight." The next day eight of us violators got a summons to the tune of \$50.00 and costs. It was a very easy way to pay a bill, but if it was honorable I will leave my readers to judge. As the old saying is, "Two wrongs will never make a right." I worked along in this way, which was a great source of trouble and expense, not knowing the day or hour I should get a summons. I remember on one occasion I was fined every week for six weeks in succession, as well as all the others. I think it was at this time that fraud, D. Banks McKenzie, was brought to Picton. I paid the six fines, and getting a hint that the seventh summons was about to be issued, I started for the Four Mile Brook. I remained there for a couple of weeks. Some short time after I got another hint that I was to be sued, and not having the money to pay the fine, I concluded to leave the Province, which I did, and took passage for Boston, where I remained for two or three weeks. Shortly after my return home I again had to leave and go to the country, where my wife visited me one Sabbath afternoon. A few days after I got word to get home as soon as possible, as my wife was very sick. On my arriving home I found her confined to her bed with an attack of typhoid fever. It was at this time my great trouble commenced. Here I was with a sick wife and six helpless children in the house with a raging fever. No person would come to see me, so I had to do the best I could. It was the hardest trial in my life. She was sick for about three months, and during all that time I never went to bed, but sat in an arm-chair and nursed Howard, the youngest child, 18 months old; he would not allow anyone else to take care of him. At the end of three months my wife died, and immediately after the servant girl took the fever, but recovered, and as soon as able she left me alone with the children all down with the fever. My brother, Richard Clarke, was the first to come to my relief, and he stood by me until all the children were well. Now my trouble increased. Here I was with those helpless children and no one to take care of them. My sister-in-law, Mrs. R. McDonald, of Antigonish, arrived before Mrs. Murdoch was buried, and after things were somewhat settled she took the baby, with whom he is still living. The others were sent to different places, as I had no one to look after them. Finally things began to get worse, so I concluded to close the house and board out; but I soon found that would not suit. I again began housekeeping, doing my own cooking. At this time I was working on the *Standard*, then under the management of D. F. Power, a square, good man as ever lived. I continued for some time in this way, when by lucky chance I got a girl by the name of Flora Darrah, belonging to Prince Edward Island, who took the management of my house, and who proved a true and trustworthy person. She remained with me

until I was again married to my present wife, Maria J., daughter of the late George Langill, known as "Mountain George," of Earltown, by whom I am the father of four children.

I never wrote much poetry until after I was married, though the inclination to do so was always in my mind. It appeared to me that I never could find time, nor could I, as I had to work all day, and thought the evening was short enough to enjoy myself after a long day's work, but as soon as I left the printing office, and had time to think, it became an easy task, and is so yet ; but whether it will continue so or not remains to be seen. It is no trouble for me to write six or eight verses in less than an hour, and very often without a single mistake either in grammar or otherwise ; and, as far as grammar is concerned, I never studied it except in a printing office. As I said in the beginning of this sketch I would be brief, so I think I will finish, believing an intelligent public will now know the author pretty well, as I have given as full an account of my life as far as I can remember. Hoping my humble effort as an author will be appreciated by an intelligent public,

I remain, yours, &c.,

ROBERT MURDOCH, P. L. P.

Pictou, July 5th, 1890.

POEMS.

THE HAIR OF MY WIFE, IN THE RING ON MY FINGER.

The following lines were written upon a ring, containing a lock of hair of the author's deceased wife Annie, which he has yet in his possession.

In this ring upon my finger
There's a treasure I love dear,
One I love above all measure,
Annie's dark and silken hair.
What contains it I don't value,
It's but gold, that glitters bright ;
But what's now within its compass
Was for years my heart's delight.

Shades of evening gather round me
On my brow dark shadows cast,
When I sit and sadly ponder
O'er the pleasures of the past.
When I think of her who loved me,
None to her I can compare,
But this ring I'll fondly cherish
And my Annie's silken hair.

Pictou, June, '90.

TO DR. W. E. COOKE, M. D.

Expect nae, sir, a great narration
 Frae me wha has poor education,
 But wi' respect tae you I write
 Tae prove that what I say is richt.
 For years wi' you I've been acquaint,
 Ane or the ither is nae saint,
 What work I dae is wi' a will,
 What work ye dae is wi' great skill.

Its aft, ye ken, at late o' nicht
 When sleep it closed your natural light,
 And wi' fatigue its doon ye're laid
 For service that ye're poorly paid:
 Aft, aft, a rap comes tae ye're door
 When wi' fatigue its loud ye snore ;
 The rap ye ken, plain words they say,
 " Arise, auld Doctor, come away."

When frae ye're bed ye meekly rise,
 Wi' sleep and stupor in ye're eyes,
 And wi' the caller gang away,
 Nae thocht hae you aboot ye're pay—
 Nae thocht hae you about ye're pay,
 But wi' the caller gang away,
 Tae try ye're skill as best ye can
 To save the infant, wife or man.

When by the bed ye dae sit doon,
 Smiles on ve're face and no a frown,
 Tae comfort those ye're ca'd tae see,
 If poor and humble though they be.
 Ye dinna care what be their station
 If you can give but consolation
 Tae God's afflicted wha groaning lay,
 Yersel' nae thinks about ye're pay.

And when guid health returns again
 Tae some o' those ye've saved o' pain,
 Nae thocht hae they aboot yersel',
 Whether you are ill or well—
 Nae thocht aboot ye hae they any,
 Much less aboot tae pay you money,
 For a' attention to them paid
 When they were doon wi' sickness laid.

I have nae doobt ye've often scen
 Man and wife, like king and queen,
 Dressed in their best frae tap to toe,
 But the Doctor then they didna know.
 But when again that sickness come,
 Awa' for you it's quick they run,
 The fastest horse, his speed let loose,
 The rider ken's the Doctor's hoose.

Heavy and sharply sounds the knocker,
 The caller's breath grows short and shorter,
 Wi' anxious care and troubled look
 He says, "O, where is Doctor Cooke?"
 His conscience then no doubt is checket,
 He says, "Dear Doctor, I've neglectet
 Tae pay tae you your just tribute,
 The richt o' which I can't dispute."

(Copied from the original without any alteration).

HOLY JIMMIE.

The following lines are dedicated to James M. —, who believes himself rigidly righteous, but who is actually a great hypocrite.

O, Lord it's thanks I give tae you
 That I'm one of your chosen few;
 If few you hae, Lord don't despair,
 I'm perfect and holy;
 I labor wi' thy grace and will,
 And for thy glory.

I service twice on Sabbath tend,
 Not that my evil ways I'll mend,
 Nae evil have I in my heart,
 But thochts o' glory,
 But acts o' sinners could I tell—
 A woefu' story.

My thoughts and words, as a' can trace,
 Are uttered for thy praise and grace,
 Nae fear at a' I'll want a place
 Wi' you in glory,
 But sins o' sinners may I trace
 Wha' tells their story.

When drinkers drink and brawlers fight
 On Saturday and Sunday night,
 And a' my pious thochts excite
 Wi' hellish horrors,
 I, Lord, for them do sorely weep
 And for their sorrows.

Some Sabbath nicht, when a' is still,
 I'll gang awa wi' richt guid will,
 Tae keep the tongues o' sinners still
 Frae tellin' lies,
 That if at a' tae heaven they go
 Nae in disguise.

I'll tell them a' wha's sick or sicker
 Tae touch not any drap o' liquor,
 Nor gang at a' tae liquor shop,
 (A pious whim);
 But gang wi' me wi' faith and grace
 Tae sing a hymn.

I ken I will advise them well
 Tae keep them frae the jaws o' hell;
 If they should hunger keenly feel
 I canna help it;
 But when relief they ask o' me,
 Awa I'll skeip it.

Ye ken I'm no like a Surveyor,
 Who only thrice a day said prayer,
 And wi' surprise at him a' stare,
 Designing fraud:
 But me, I'm pious, good and holy,
 I fear the Lord.

But tae ye, Lord, I must confess,
 I sins commit (they micht be less);
 But me, the maker alone can guess
 The mixture,
 In composition, ship butt bolts
 And rudder fixtures.

When the Mariner gangs tae sea
 And trusts his stearin' gear tae me,
 Though by appearance perfect be,
 There's a' deception,
 Which causes many a watery grave
 And deep reflection.

(Copied from original without any alteration.)

WHAT I SAW AT THE REVERE HOUSE.

Happening to call there one evening in the year 1874, to have a glass of ale with a friend, I saw acts done by some of the company which caused me to write the following lines.

You shouldna' think it unco' droll,
 If wi' a frien' I'd tak' a stroll,
 An' tho' the nicht be dark and drear,
 I'd find my way tae the "Revere."
 A hoose, ye ken, o' guid repute,
 The' folk ye'll see there in dispute,
 W' wrangling a' subjects turn,
 Wi' love and hate their bosoms burn.

There's many hooses o' the same,
 And many that has got nae name,
 And many that does charge o'er dear,
 It's nae the style o' the "Revere,"
 When you ca' in to hae' a drink,
 Ye needna stand tae lang tae think,
 Ca' up ye're frien' and hae a glass,
 And don't stand blatherin' like an ass.

There's many folk you will see there,
 And wi' surprise at you they'l stare,
 Wi' bows and scrapes and mouny a wink,
 In hope you'll call them a' to drink.
 Nae names I'll mention—that's no richt—
 Tho' ither folk it might delight;
 The names I'll keep a' tae mysel',
 For a' the grogshops ken them well.

I'll bring those lines now tae an end,
 For fear some folk I nicht offend;
 When I ca' down to hae a drink,
 On other subjects I nicht think,
 And if o' them I think nae weel,
 I'll keep them a' unto mysel';
 I'll dae nae harm, tho' that I nicht,
 I'll tak my drink and bid guid nicht.

TO THE MAYOR AND TOWN COUNCILLORS.

This is what the Editor of the *Mayflower* says in regard to the following lines, but for reasons known to himself he declined publishing them;—Your poem is very good, but you go on pitching right and left into persons whom we know nothing about, and who, perhaps, are guilty of no crime except of having incurred your displeasure. Still the lines are very good."

In Pictou there's noo great commotion
 O'er selling the bottle or dram,
 By those who can purchase ten gallons
 And quietly drink it at hame.

I'll first mention brawshouthered Johnny
 Acknowledged by a' as Town Mayor,
 Wha'd drink and carouse wi' the gentry,
 Though his pockets should no pay a share.
 And then I will mention wee Smithy,
 Twa the size o' a Bumble Bee,
 If he had the rule o' a nation
 He'd set all the country *agee*.
 And then I will mention wee Willie
 As a man nae possessed wi' a soul,
 Like a Rat or some nightgoing creature—
 A Mouse or the earthly Mole.
 And then there is Louper-like Rabbie,
 Wha married a damsel that's fair;
 But he never at a' would hae took her
 Unless that he thocht her an heir.
 And then there is dandified Johnnie,
 Wha dresses sae gaily and braw;
 Wha'd drink till he'd fa' in the gutter,
 And there lay, a public shaw.
 And then there is blathering Peter,
 In knowledge he makes nae great speed;
 His brains are sae ticht packed thegither,
 There a' just as heavy as lead.
 And then there is Orkney Johnny,
 Wha' came frae an Isle o' the sea;
 Where wi' knowledge there's few overstocked,
 Of princely or plebeian degree.
 Nae doobt he may be a guid scholar
 In the Orkney language a'most;
 For *just* is a word he oft uses,
 But la! he pronounces it *shuist*!

Pictou, Jan. 20th, 1877.

THE RACES.

NORA, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

The following lines were written in praise of Mr. Peter Carroll's mare which took second prize in the race which took place on the harbor on the 30th January, 1877, and it was the general opinion of the judges she would have come in first had she not lost a shoe.

Shure, are you not goin' to the races?
 For there will be sporting and fun,
 For all the fast trotters have intered,
 And "Nora" among them is one:
 Such a noble and beautiful craythur
 You never beheld at a fair,
 She's worthy the name that I call her,
 "Nora," the pride of Kildare.

She steps off so light and so aisy,
 With wonder all open their eyes,
 To think such a beautiful craythur
 Would be intered for such a small prize.
 But shure she is able and willing,
 Not at all for the prize does she care,
 It's only her name she'll be keepin',
 "Nora," the pride of Kildare.

Shure, not one at all that has intered
 To trot for the prize in this race
 Is fit to compare with my "Nora,"
 She'll lave all behind in disgrace.
 The beautiful rowl of her body
 Makes every spectator to stare,
 Her speed's just as swift as an arrow,
 "Nora," the pride of Kildare.

The horses are now in their places
 And waiting to hear the word "go,"
 Not long do they wait when they hear it,
 They start with a speed that's not slow.

In fairness they all start together,
 Rob Roy of them all takes the lead,
 O'Connel's black Charger is second,
 But he gallops to make up his speed.

But "Nora" the beautiful crayther,
 Stepped off with a lightning bound,
 She'd increase her speed more than double
 If Phil had been there with his hounds.
 But shure I will give you good reasons
 Why Rob Roy of nothing can boast,
 'Twas fear, a famous good spur is
 His driver he thought was a ghost.

Tally ho, or hark under cover,
 Had ever a mention been made,
 Rob Roy, no doubt, would be second,
 And "Nora" be first in his stead.
 With joy she'd be so elated,
 In speed there'd be none to compare,
 With "Nora," the Irish hunter,
 The glory and pride of Kildare.

Pictou, January 30, 1877.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

I happened one day to come into my house, and, seeing a stranger conversing with Mrs. Murdoch, I naturally made enquiries where she came from, when she replied that she had only a few months previously left Scotland. She appeared to grieve very much for leaving her home, and remarked she hoped to see it before she died. After she went away I wrote the following lines :

Auld Scotia, dear, I'm gaun away,
 Tae lands that I may never see,
 Where freedom's shroud around a' hangs—
 The glorious, great America ;

The land that once in bondage kept
 A servant slave in drudgery ;
 But where a's honored with respect
 And equal in equality.

The land where no despotic Lord
 The Plebeian rules with tyranny :
 But where they're free and freemen born —
 The glorious, great America—
 Where blooms the Thistle and the Rose,
 The Hawthorn Hedge and Lily fair,
 Where hardy sons of Scotland dwell
 With parents and relations dear.

Where ancestors of noble Bruce,
 Whom Wallace oft to glory led,
 In honor of a noble name,
 Who from a foe have never fled.
 The memory of old Scotland,
 To me it ever will be dear ;
 How can I leave my native land
 Without I shed a parting tear ?

Where first I saw the light of day ;
 When God it pleased to give me birth ;
 To me and every Scottish heart
 It is the dearest spot on earth !
 Far-famed Culloden and Bannockburn,
 Where heroes fought and fell together,
 And where I plighted my first love
 Among the bonny Scottish heather !

But should it ever be my lot
 And what I never may deplore,
 That e're I close my eyes on earth
 I'll see Auld Scotia's honored shore !
 And thank my God who hath me blessed
 With health and strength on every hand,
 That He has granted my last wish,
 To close my life in Auld Scotland !

Pictou, Feb. 22nd, 1877.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEN. JAMES
A. GARFIELD,

*President of the United States, who was foully assassinated
by Charles J. Guiteau, on July 2, 1881.*

What is that the newsboy's shouting ?
It's not news from o'er the sea ;
They are words of lamentation,
Not of joy and ecstasy.
'Tis the word "assassination,"
And the victim's spirit's fled,—
Ruler of a mighty nation,—
Honored, noble, Garfield's dead.

Waft the news across the water
To the nations of the earth,
That the vile assassinator,
With his blood has quenched his thirst.
Speed the news to mother England,
That her daughter hangs her head,
By the vile assassinator,
Honored, noble Garfield's dead.

Hark to words the most condoling,
From our mother o'er the sea ;
Words cannot express our feelings
For our daughter's agony.
And may God support and comfort,
Render aid, He only can,
In the hour of dark affliction,
To Columbia and her sons.

Let our flags entwine together,
And in peace forever stand,
Show the world two mighty nations,
Death has joined them heart in hand.

Blend our hearts and hands together,
 And a tear of sorrow shed,
 For a mighty nation's martyr,
 Honored, noble, Garfield's dead.

Pictou, Nov. 15, 1881.

COLIN SKINNER'S PETITION.

COURT OF SESSIONS, FEBRUARY TERM, 1879.

What caused me to write these lines was, that for many years it was the general opinion of the public that the County Jail was not kept in as clean a condition as it should be, and some time previous to the meeting of the General Sessions, there was an old man named John Beaton in jail for debt, whom Collin wished to see, but he was at first prevented by the jailor, Joseph Baxter. This so exasperated Collin that he caused an investigation to be made into the matter, but being in poor circumstances he had not much influence, though he had the working class on his side. There is no doubt there must have been some truth, in what Collin charged the jailor with, as Beaton swore he was in a filthy state previous to the investigation, and was on the day of investigation in the same condition. They gave Collin a hearing in the Old Court House, which resulted in the jail being kept in a cleaner condition for some time after.

He raised his hand, as you'd suppose,
 To pull and twist his ponderous nose,
 And cast a glance at what was written
 By Collin in his grave petition;
 But something crossed His Worship's mind,
 A creepin' loophole he must find,
 To shield old Baxter from the charge,—
 If true it was both grave and large,—
 After a short, curt explanation,
 He did appoint a deputation
 To prove the jail was clean and nice
 And not assailed by *Bugs* and *Lice*,
 The first one called appeared in view,
 Was Donald, Lord of Carriboo;

The second was a new Squire Pauky,
Allan, half a pun' Tobaccy.
The last, no doubt, had long been chosen
Honest, pious, Squire Munchausen.
Now, to the scene I must revert,
And note the evidence of the Court :
To tell the truth was their intent
When asked by Dr. "Lunament."
The Court was full and none retreatin' ;
The first one called was Johnny Beaton,
Who proved what state the jail was in,
Which was a grave and heinous sin.
When Johnny went upon the stand
He all attention did command.
All knew there would be question-crossin'
By honest, pious, Squire Munchausen.
The Counsel for the prosecution,
Well versed in physic and elocution,
The charges he would truly test,
So up he stood and pulled down his vest.
Johnny did not hesitate
To prove the jail in a filthy state :
"She never seed in ony hoose
So many fleas and bugs and louse."
Squire Munchausen knit his brow
And cautioned Johnny's solemn vow,
If what he said was really true,
"Yes ! I be lousy then and be lousy noo."
Horror struck was Squire Munchausen
That he attempted question-crossin',
And at the Court he cast a frown,
And said to Johnny, "go down, go down."
Thus clearly prove his first attempt
Did Doctor Colin "Lunament."

THE TRUE LOVER'S LETTER.

TRANSFORMED FROM PROSE TO POETRY.

I must begin with many thanks
For your paper and "Record,"
One agitates of politics,
The other of the Lord.
You went unto the office,
You say, a day too soon,
You met with disappointment,
Which filled your mind with gloom.

But you received my letter,
You say, on Saturday,
Which did, no doubt, dispel your gloom
To thoughts another way.
Rev. Melville's sermon
You say you criticised,
You did not appreciate it,
At which I'm much surprised.

But Rev. Boyd's was splendid,
So simply expressed,
I read and turned it over,
I couldn't let it rest.
For its woman's right to argue,
I must confess, of course,
And with you darling I'll agree
'Twas an eloquent discourse.

I would have been delighted
To have seen your grand upset ;
I think I never laughed so much—
I'm really laughing yet—

To see you sprawling in the snow
At that hour of the night ;
But I do not think as by your looks
You got much of a fright !

Of course I've often thought
Of the evening we met ;
And as for Uncle John McCabe—
I think I see him yet.
His movements were amusing,
And it was my soul's desire
That he should turn his back to us
And amuse those round the fire.

And there was Ma and Sister—
Conspicuous they were—
I could hardly stop my laughing,
As both at me would stare.
But best of all is what I heard,
With joy my heart upraised,
That you are most respectable,
And also highly praised !

I have reason to be happy,
And I hope I won't regret
As the choice of your affections
I'll bless the night we met.
And the more we are acquainted
The better we'll decide,
When you will name the happy day
That I'll become your "bride."

One happy exclamation,
I cannot let it pass,
It removes the shades of darkness—
Makes all as clear as glass.
It fills my heart with gladness,
And what I did desire,
To get your own confession
That none with you stood "higher."

You spoke of meeting soon,
 How happy I shall be,
 To spend some hours chatting
 In your pleasant company.
 If it were at all convenient,
 And I were at my leisure,
 Your home is where I'd like to be
 To dwell with you forever.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray don't think that I've neglected,
 Nor that I've been unkind,
 For the storms of late were raging,
 Which kept the mails behind.
 But a letter I will send you,
 As you know it is my wish,
 And "Friday" you will get it—
 The day Catholics eat fish!

Pictou, Feb. 6, 1882.

THE PICTOU ISLAND CATASTROPHE.

The following verses and those below, entitled "The Hero Currie," were composed by the well-known local poet, Mr. Robert Murdoch, in commemoration of the late tragic event at Pictou Island.* They are worthy to take rank among the best of Mr. Murdoch's writings, which are so well known as to need no eulogy from us.—C. D. McDONALD, *Ed. Pictou News*.

Fierce blew the gale, the sea ran high,
 No refuge, help or succour nigh!
 Oh! must we perish as we stand—
 Near hailing distance of the land?

* On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 18,—, the steamer *Liverolt* was wrecked during a heavy gale, off Pictou Island, when eight men lost their lives, viz.: Hugh McFarlane, Pictou Island; Wesley Vorge, of Halifax; Geo. Mectau and his son Henry, both of Quebec; Arthur Brown and Frederick Dorin of New Liverpool, South Quebec; Charles Johnston, formerly an engineer of the *Soud*; and Lawrence, a Portuguese.

No! no! shouts Brown, your courage keep,
 There's refuge for us on the deep;
 A boat I see is coming here—
 God's mercies are forever near!

Our life-boat then was upset o'er,
 Tho' hailing distance from the shore;
 Three perishing souls unto her clung,
 And loud for help and mercy sung!
 "Keep cool," says Brown, "we will be saved;
 A boat I see is on the waves;
 The dory, and in her but ONE!
 Have mercy, Lord! we all are gone!"

Courageous Brown, brave of the brave,
 Struck from the life-boat on the wave;
 Tossed by the billows, far from shore,
 He shouts "Have you another oar?"
 No answer from the dory came;
 But one says, "Brown, return again!"
 LACHANCE it was who said to Brown:
 "Come back, or you will surely drown!"

With all the strength that's in him left,
 He through the waves and billows cleft;
 Nerved by the word, it oft did sound:
 "Come back, come back, you'll surely drown!"
 Return he did unto the boat.
 And LACHANCE caught him by the coat;
 Nerved as by Herculean power,
 He saved him in that perilous hour.

Ah! glorious sight! I saw once more
 A boat fast coming from the shore;
 Hero of heroes! brave of the brave!
 To save what's left from a watery grave.
 CURRIE, that noble, undaunted man,
 Who many perilous risks had ran,
 Rowed through the waves with pondrous sweep,
 That, by his aid, no more should weep!

"The gig!" I cried, "and in her two;
 She cannot save but only few!
 Few now are left of what we were—
ELEVEN souls — **THREE** in despair!"
LACHANCE, who just my life had saved,
 When I was swimming on the waves,
 Again he cries with thrilling note:
 "Henry, be sure and catch the boat!"

No more I'll say; my story's told;
 I grieve for all my comrades bold.
 A **BROTHER**, whom I loved so dear,
 Oh! shed with me a parting tear!
 But once again, before I leave,
 And to my friends who sorely grieve;
 Three names—their deeds would make a volume—
McFarlane, **Hogg** and **D. McCallum**!

THE HERO CURRIE!

"Hark! be still! What do I hear?
 A cry of pain and anguish near,
 A stifled sob, a mournful sound,
 I fear some fellow beings are drowned."
 Quick to his eye he put his glass,
 And o'er the waves a glance he cast.
 The sight he saw, his blood it chilled—
 The life-boat with all hands had filled.

Away he sped unto the beach,
 In hope he'd be in time to reach
 With cheering words and helping hand
 To bring them safely to the land.
 Doubly nerved by unseen **POWER**,
 Every moment seemed an hour,
 One boat, and that far up the beach,
 Poor chance it was their souls to reach.

"Come here!" he shouts, "launch on the wave—
 Those perishing souls we'll try and save!"
 No sooner said, the work was done,
 And o'er the boisterous waves she spun.
 "Pull, Charlie, pull, bend on your oar!
 We're one long mile from off the shore.
 Be calm, I pray, your courage keep,
 Or we'll be lost amidst the deep!"

Soon to the drowning men they came,
 With every nerve and sinew strained.
 Now's the time, and now's the hour—
 He shows his judgment and his power.
 "Calm, Charlie, calm! I pray keep still!
 You courage want, and with it *will!*
Fear myself I ever spurn;
 Our boat to them must drift astern."

Away she tossed upon the wave;
 "I'll lose my life or them I'll save!"
 With thoughts of widows all forlorn—
 "What's that I hear? Oh God! a groan!"
 LACHANCE, being strong, the first was saved,
 And next brave BROWN, brave of the brave;
 Next PARADIS, and he the last—
 Helpless and weak in the gig was cast.

Now fierce and heavy blew the gale;
 A gig like "shell" without a sail,
 Tossed on the billows, reefs all around,
 "Methinks I hear a joyful sound!"
 He saw, thank God! a sail,
 And in her hearts that never quail.
 Nerved by the sight, when drawing near,
 "Cheer up!" he cried, "give them a cheer!"

McCallum threw the gig a line,
 And caught by one all fear defying.
 The same unto the gig made fast,
 The hero shouts, "All danger's past!"

This good, staunch boat I put together,
 That long has lived through boisterous weather.
 A harbor make, if not you'll rue—
 Head her, I say, for old Pictou !”

The following letter received from Rev. P. Melville, M. A., B. D., Hopewell, East River, shortly after the above poem was published, speaks for itself :—

“MANSE, HOPEWELL, Oct. 1st, 1835.

“Dear Sir,—Your lines are ingenious, able and thrilling. They picture well the anguish of the sufferers and the heroism of the rescuers, as well as their skill and their other talents and virtues.

“Compliments to the generous-hearted Author, Mr. Robert Murdoch, from

“P. MELVILLE, M. A.”

NO REPEAL.

No Repeal, no Repeal,
 Is the shout of the brave,
 Who ever will stand
 This country to save ;
 They'll stand like true *Britons*,
 With bayonet in hand,
 To drive ANNEXATIONISTS
 Far from our land.

We'll shout for Sir JOHN,
 Our old “Scottish Chief,”
 Who's acts have been ever
 To give us relief.
 Right is his motto,
 And that the Grits feel.
 For well do they know
 There's Repeal, no Repeal.

This county stands true,
 PICTOU OLD to the front,
 An old Tory county
 That will rebels hunt,
 Yes! we'll hunt them and capture,
 And more, if they'd feel,
 We'll give them a taste
 Of true British steel.

We stand for our members,
 Who by us stood true;
 McDUGALD and TUPPER.
 We have only two.
 They're honest and loyal,
 And that the Grits feel,
 Their election is sure,
 No Repeal, no Repeal.

Pictou, Feb y 22nd, 1887.

REFORMER "SHON" AND REBEL "SHEFF."

SHEFF.

Come, Shonny, tell me what you'll thoct,
 You 'member of "Reform," man,
 Your planks pe very shaky, Shon,
 And like to raise a storm, man;
 Ta peoples, they'll pe meet in troves,
 In all parts o' the toon, man,
 And spoket speechum's lout an' lang
 About your great "Reform," man.

SHON.

'Teed, Sheff, my lad, she'll no pe ken,
 For she's nae politish, man ;
 But for their speechums lout and lang
 She wad na gie tat purse, man ;
 For gin she'll thocht hersel pe richt,
 She would her tagger traw, man,
 An' fought like dog—till ance she'll see
 Some signs o' goot "Reform," man.

SHEFF.

Hoot ! Shon ; hoot, Shon ; tat talk might do
 When ADAM he did *ring*, man ;
 But she'll pe left oot in ta cold,
 And CHARLEY is their king, man.
 Last nicht she'll came tae see mysel,
 I gie'd her dram an' more, man ;
 She'll say oor talk about "Reform"
 Was nonsense, nonsense a', man.

SHEFF.

I'll say Confederation, too,
 Pe pad an' wicked thing man.
 Wad tak awa a' 'stinctions a'
 Frae beggar doon tae king, man.
 I hae my doubts and ken I hae ;
 I'll tell the truth tae a' men,
 Confederation will na tak
 The poor man's coo or horse, man.

SHON.

Hersel's a true and trusty Grit,
 As coot as 'nother man, man,
 She'll no pelong unto tae clan
 'Tat hangen ta "Rebel Riel," man.
 But fait ! she'd maybe saw ta day,
 As like some ither loons, man,
 We'll time aboot ride on ta back
 O' rich an' poor an' a', man.

SHEFF.

Och, Shonny, dear, tat will'na do,
 I'se pe a Rebel goot, man,
 So I pe left you all alone
 And pe a "Yankee," true, man.
 I's pe for "Annexation," Shon,
 An' tat's for you an' me, man,
 A country fit for rogues an' fools,
 Where there's nae law at a', man.

THE WEE DOG.

TO MR. JOHN ROY, WESTVILLE,—

Having had occasion to go to Westville for a Scotch Terrier Dog, which I wished to breed from, I called to see Mr. Roy, knowing he would send his son for the dog, as he wanted a pup himself. After considerable conversation about many matters, he asked me if I would not write him a few lines on the visit himself and his brother-in-law had the year previous; I remarked that all the circumstances had left my mind, when he again asked if I would not write him a piece on my present visit; I remarked I would try. He then said, "Rab, when ye gae hame, tell Annie the bairn Joann hands 'n her arms noo, mak's Johnnie Roy father o' twenty children."

Ye asked me, Johnnie, for a ditty,
 Ye ken o'er weel that I'm nae witty;
 But for tae please ye I send this,
 Hopin' ye'll tak it nae amiss.
 Awa tae Westville I did jog,
 Tae get a breedin' Terrier Dog;
 A wee Scotch Terrier, nae like yersel',
 For I dinna think he'll breed as weel.

The dog is guid, ye need'na doubt it,
 For at his wark he went aboot it,
 In proper shape, nae like a botch,
 Just like yersel' he's full bred Scotch.

He micht be father tae sax or seven,
 Eight or nine, ten or eleven,
 But tae equal you he must be "tentie,"
 Before he'll ever father twenty.

I'll leave the wee dog in his glory,
 And change frae him tae anither story;
 About some folk I in Westville seen,
 Who took mysel' tae be o'er green.
 It's weel for them nae names I ken,
 As by my faith queer words I'd pen,
 And tell them if they did'na know it,
 That I was Rab, the Local Poet.

Wi' some folk naething is amiss,
 And ignorance w' them is bliss,
 Tae laugh at folk without a cause,
 Is wrang against a' nature's laws.
 The next time that I visit you,
 In the "Westville" hoose there'll in gang two,
 Mysel' wee Rabbie, ance a boy,
 And my respected frien' Auld Jock Roy.

Pictou, Jan., 1875.

TO JOHN NAIRN.

The following lines were dedicated to JOHN NAIRN, who had always been a very strong Conservative, and who had always voted for the party until the Election of 1874. When it was well known that the Government would be overthrown, as he was an office holder under the then Government, he declined to vote for fear of losing his office as Capt. of Steamer "Mayflower." Before he got the office he ran a ferry-boat across the harbor. He also owned a farm on Fisher's Grant, where he at present resides.—

Now, John, you will lose your grand title
 And your Government trousers and coat,
 Because, on the day of Election,
 Fear kept you at home with your vote.

Its a grand thing to hold a good office,
 And live upon Government pay,
 Provided *your* friends don't desert you
 As *you* did *them* on Election day.
 How awkward now is your position ;
 I would'nt give much for your berth,
 You'r just like Mohammed's coffin,
 That's hanging 'twixt heaven and earth ;
 And *your* friends have no power to help you,
 As *you* had when *they* stood in need,
 So the grits politely will tell you
 " We have our own friends for to feed."
 So, now, hand in your Commission,
 But keep *your* old brass-buttoned coat,
 You'll need it in cold, stormy weather,
 When sailing *your* own " Ferry Boat "
 For the Anties a man have provided,
 Because they have got all the power,
 So you can resume your farm duties,
 And there you will find a " Mayflower "
 Possessed of a sweet smelling savor,
 To make you feel pleasant and gay,
 But not to compare with the flower
 That gave you *two* dollars per day.
 How soon you forgot all past favors,
 Like acts that are past and are dead,
 But thinking that you and the " Flower,"
 Are like a young couple just wed.

THE INFORMER.

'Twas in the month that brings leap year,
 When maidens auld begin to spier,
 In hopes that they may change their lives
 Frae stale auld maids tae mither wives.

Like men engaged in different stations,
 Wha sometimes change their avocations,
 Frae acts o' honesty and fame
 Tae what wauld shame a culprit's name.

The act is this, I must confess,
 Could nae be muckle, it micht be less,
 It micht be muckle wi' great dishonor
 Tae creatures a' but an informer.
 The name a' honest men despise
 Nae truth nor honor in it lies,
 Nor in the man who bears the name,
 He's void o' honor, truth and shame.

A man wha could be such a slave
 Must be unfit for ony grave.
 But put him in a Midden Hole,
 Tae guid for creatures void o' soul.
 Or where the sun does never rise,
 Nor where 'twould meet the human eye,
 Nor where the moon had ever shone,
 But where he'd be always alone.

The world's a' fu' a' roarin' Cairds*
 That shelter seek in barns and yards,
 Whose lives depend on their vocation,
 In acts o' vilest degradation;
 Yet they wou'd hang their heads in shame
 If ane among them bore the name
 INFORMER, mean, debased, despised,
 By man and beast, and God likewise.

* Tinkers.

DESPONDENCY.

The author assures his readers that when he wrote the following lines he had nearly despaired of ever seeing his book published. Shortly after they were written, two gentlemen, now residing in Picotou, kindly came to his aid by going security for the payment of the printing and binding, until such time as he should dispose of a sufficient number to realize the amount required by the printer.

I'm sore oppressed with grief and care,
A heavy burden bears me down,
To think that those who were my friends,
Now look upon me with a frown.
No ill to any man I've done,
But strove most honestly to live,
A friend, if he should stand in want
I'd help him and ungrudging give.
Then why should this world me despise,
And injure me without a cause?
It's wrong to wrong one undeserved
And quite against God's holy laws,
Had I the wealth that some possess,
An enemy though should he be,
Surrounded he with troubles thick,
The act I'd prize to set him free,
When I recall the years that's past,
And think how oft I gave relief,
To many a weary, wandering soul,
Who overburdened was with grief;
Those years are past, not to return,
They're like the dead, they're hushed to sleep,
No more of them I wish to think,
Nor ever in my memory keep.
The naked often have I clothed,
And hunger oft did satisfy,
The stranger have I taken in,
When others coldly passed him by.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed,"
 To me now would be a Godsend,
 To help me that the world may see
 What lines poetic I have penned.
 But should it be my lot to bear
 What disappointment brings to man,
 I'll trust to God, who's strong to keep
 All in the hollow of His hand.
 The o'er-oppressed he'll ever help,
 Then why should I despair or mourn?
 There's none can tell what luck's in store
 When nature makes the tide to turn.

Pictou, July 31st, 1890.

THE TWO KITTENS.

About a year ago I had a cat which had two kittens, which were a great annoyance to my wife, and wished me to destroy them, but I refused. A few days after I wrote the following lines.

I've two little quadrupeds,
 I'm happy to say,
 Who reside in my dwelling—
 Right over the way.
 Their age is three months,
 And their color is gray,
 And they're very expert
 In catching their prey!

'Twould be very unfeeling
 To drown or to slay
 Such poor little innocent
 Creatures as they!
 Or even outdoors
 To turn them astray,
 Without house or home,
 On a cold winter's day!

Their mother is old
 And not very spry ;
 She's lame of a leg
 And blind of an eye !
 But my wife in the house
 Declares they shan't stay,
 So they have to sleep out
 In the barn in the hay !

What a crime it would be
 Those kittens to drown ;
 Their smartness and beauty
 Is rare to be found.
 One's striped like a tiger,
 The other is grey ;
 And I'm willing to give them
 Without any pay !

Pictou, Jan. 15th, 1883.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAMENT FOR GENERAL
 GORDON, JUNE, 1885.

What news is this comes o'er the distant sea
 To me, VICTORIA, Queen on earth supreme ?
 'Tis death of him brave Gordon brave,
 His equal England's never seen ;
 And nations blessed with power,
 In vain they wave their sceptres o'er my head,
 Now as they think, still well they know,
 My power's supreme, though Gordon's dead.

Brave of the brave, a warrior bold,
 Fear in his heart ne'er caused a throb,
 RIGHT was his motto, all supreme,
 On earth he feared no one but God.

In China stood he foremost in the fight
 When demon rebels round him thronged,
 He feared not death always prepared
 To meet his God with hymenial song.

THE TAILORESS.

Stitch, stitch stitch,
 From early morn till night ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 Till your cheeks are hollow and white ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 Till your eyes are heavy as lead ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 While you long and wish for bed.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 With pains that ache your back ;
 Stitch, stitch stitch,
 To fill a large contract ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 With shame it must be said ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 For work you're poorly paid.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 When you haven't the light of day ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 For less than pauper's pay ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 When you're often hungry and cold ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 Till work is finished and sold.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 While the winter wind doth blow ;
 Stitch, stitch stitch,
 For them you do not know ;
 Stitch, Stitch, stitch,
 While rains in torrents pour ;
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 For poverty's at your door.

THE FULL MOON.

Of all the circles made by man
 There's none to equal you, O moon ;
 Thou art a guiding light to man,
 On sea and earth thou art a boon.
 To guide the sailors on the sea,
 The landsmen that on shore do dwell,
 Thou art a guide sent from above ;
 Thy mystery but ONE can tell.

Look on your face how bright it shines,
 A heavenly emblem fair to see,
 It shows to man and beast likewise
 That certain there's eternity.
 You're not alone, you're daughter's near,
 She guides you when you roam afar,
 She's always closely by your side,
 All know her as the "Evening Star."

Her twinkling eye shall never close
 While earth is earth and sea is sea,
 She's got a duty to perform,
 To be a guiding light to thee.
 Thy wife is blind, old father moon,
 She cannot see you when afar,
 But she has left a guide with you,
 Her lovely daughter, "Evening Star."

Old mother Saturn's quite content,
 How many children round her roam,
 Though blind, she knows when storms arise,
 It's quickly they will hurry home;
 And with them comes the hale old man,
 Close by his side, his daughter bright,
 She says, "Old man, the windows close,
 We'll have a storm of rain to-night."

"Why think you that, my gay old wife,
 You take from me a pleasant rest;
 With quick reply she answered him,
 "You know the wind is now sou' west."
 "Astronomer thou art, old wife,
 I'll go to bed without a frown,
 And sleep a sleep of peaceful rest,
 Though it in torrents should come down."

Pictou, July 14th, 1886.

PICTOU ISLAND CATASTROPHE, NOV. 15TH, 1884.

LINES ON LAWRENCE.

Awake, ye souls, how long you sleep,
 Rolled by the billows of the deep,
 Tossed with the surf from shore to shore,
 Our loved ones we will see no more.
 Peace! be still, my soul's at rest,
 Jesus, my Saviour, I loved best,
 Quick to His arms my soul did flee,
 Jesus, my Lord, who died for me.

Oh! that I'd seen my child and wife
 Before I was bereft of life,
 One fond caress, one loving smile,
 One parting kiss to my dear child.

But God, Himself, He did decree
 That such a wish should never be ;
 That not on earth it should be given
 But in that glorious realm of heaven.

THE DAISY CHURN.

I saw a barrel turning round ;
 A new invention lately found,
 Some say it is a patent Churn,
 To make new milk to sour turn ;
 But, better still, I've heard some say,
 Cold water it will turn to whey.
 And better still, don't stare and flutter,
 One quart skimmed milk
 Gives two pounds of butter.

Farmers, when your daughters churn,
 Be sure that they the crank right turn ;
 If they reverse the other way,
 The milk perhaps might turn to whey,
 But if to whey it does not turn,
 Work steady at the Patent Churn ;
 Don't let your heart get in a flutter,
 When from skim milk
 You make such butter.

The Churn itself, plain to be seen,
 Is color of the richest cream,
 And that you know is slightly yellow,
 Not white like old time candle tallow ;
 But best of all must now be told,
 There have been many hundreds sold,
 Of all who bought this Patent Churn,
 Not one has ever been returned.

Pictou, 1885.

TO THE HON. JOHN D.

THOSE LETTERS.

Now's the time for the Honorable McLeod
 To publish that letter of Blake's ;
 Perhaps 'tis convenient to keep it
 Closed up in his mouth for his sake.
 The electors of Pictou now want it,
 The facts are well known to McLeod ;
 It would help to dispel some suspicion,
 And stop a great clamor that's loud.

That letter contained, so it's stated—
 In it are assurances grand—
 The "Short Line" will be early completed
 If Blake gets the government in hand.
 It is easy to settle the question,
 And the sooner you do it the better ;
 If truth, it will stand no denial,
 So I ask you to publish that letter.

If you had that letter from Blake,
 When you canvassed the country around
 I tell you 'tis mighty suspicious
 That the letter now cannot be found,
 But that was before you got "Honorable"—
 Now, a title's attached to your name—
 At *that* time you were only John David ;
 Then you played a political game.

Now, I want you to clear up the matter,
 It's a fair and an honest request :
 If true, you can hug him most fondly—
 Poor, routed Ned Blake—to your breast.

But if—I'm sure it's a falsehood—
 To *both* of you that is known best ;
 Produce now the letter, I ask you ;
 Its a fair and an honest request,
 Pictou, March, 25th, 1887.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Again once more we're here assembled,
 Members young and members old ;
 Many truths and many falsehoods
 Have the public papers told
 About us, members here assembled,
 For our country's weal or woe ;
 Let us stand like brothers loyal,
 Show we fear no foreign foe.

Let us pray for Mother England,
 And our honored virtuous QUEEN ;
 Show the world we fondly love HER—
 Never was her equal seen.
 She is honored by all nations ;
 That we all can plainly see ;
 Let her subjects now adore her,
 This her year of JUBILEE.

Long she reigned a mighty ruler,
 For the space of fifty years ;
 But she never ruled unwisely,
 RIGHT, not MIGHT, the motto her's
 She is loved by all the nations,
 Yes, by heathens as we see ;
 Why not then her Christian subjects,
 Show their love at JUBILEE.

CANADA.

Yes! we loyal true Canadians,
 Firmly stand and ever be,
 For VICTORIA and the empire
 UNION's strength where's unity;
 We are Queen VICTORIA's children,
 Sons and daughters ever free,
 Let us honor Queen VICTORIA
 This her year of JUBILEE.

UNITED STATES.

We will honor mother England,
 And her loved posterity;
 Why not WE, Her blood and kindred,
 Show our love at JUBILEE;
 When we lost our honored GARFIELD,
 She shed tears in sympathy;
 Let us now return that feeling,
 At our Mother's JUBILEE.

INDIA.

India's subjects fondly love her,
 By their words that can be seen;
 As they say, "We have a ruler,
 India's Empress, England's QUEEN."
 Should the trumpet sound for battle
 O'er the land and o'er the sea,
 India's arms would rush and rattle
 For our QUEEN and victory.

EGYPT.

Surrender Egypt, now surrender;
 Throw your war-arms in the sea;
 We are Christians, you are heathens,
 This Victoria's JUBILEE.
 England will forgive your subjects
 If they killed Her GORDON brave,
 SHE sent him with words of wisdom,
 That he many souls might save.

FRANCE.

And there's France her noble ally,
 Nobly stood to her and true,
 When the Russian Bear would swallow
 All the Turks and Turkey, too.
 Again we're friends to one another
 May it last and ever be;
 France will join her hands with England
 This Victoria's JUBILEE.

ITALY.

Yes! Italy stands a noble ally
 For Old England's QUEEN,
 Egypt's long fought bloody battles,—
 There our subjects can be seen.
 For to make a Christian nation,
 And to spread the Gospel clean;
 Show the infidel and heathen
 That there is a King and Queen.

GERMANY.

Call our subjects all together,
 Join each hand in unity,
 Thank's to God we live to see it,
 England's Queen at JUBILEE.
 Yes! we love her, and adore her,
 Mother of our Princess dear
 Join your hands for Queen VICTORIA
 For the PRINCESS drop a tear.

AUSTRIA.

Yes! we Austrians are united.
 Not like waves upon the sea,
 We will sing for Queen VICTORIA,
 Join our hands in UNITY.
 Yes! with every other nation
 That whose Christian precepts be,
 We will honor Queen VICTORIA;
 And her year of JUBILEE.

RUSSIA.

Now let by-gones be forgotten,
 Crimea's horrors never seen,
 Let us shout our hallelujah
 For Old England's honored QUEEN.
 Call my subjects all together,
 Serfs or freemen as they be;
 Ring all bells upon the morning
 Of VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Pictou, N. S., April 6th, 1887.

Mr. R. Murdoch, P. L. P., received yesterday the following communication from Buckingham Palace, dated June 27th, 1887, in response to the poem on "The Queen's Jubilee" which he sent to Her Majesty—*Pictou Standard*.

"General Sir Henry F. Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. Robert Murdoch for his letter of the 8th inst. and its enclosure."

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
 27th June, 1887.

 GRIEF.

The following lines were written some time after my wife died; I had retired to rest, but could not sleep. After considerable time I got up and I put on my clothes and took a walk to the east end of the town. On my return, I thought of the following lines, which I committed to paper before I retired for the night. She died Jan'y. 6th, 1880, aged 41 years.

Alone I sit, with grief I sigh,
 While others sleep the sleep of peace,
 Oh! Why am I thus tortured so?
 Oh! tell me will it ever cease?
 Or must I ever bear the load
 That hangs so heavy o'er my head,
 If so, much better had it been,
 If I were laid with her who's dead.

My earthly troubles would be o'er,
 As hers who lies beneath the sod.
 To me a blessing it would be,
 Were I prepared to meet my God,

But no I'm for a purpose left,
 As God's all-seeing eyes best know,
 I hope I'll not ill-spend my life,
 While it is left me here below.

When on my bed I lay me down,
 Dark troubles gather round me fast,
 When e'er I think of years gone by
 Which on my brow dark shadows cast,
 Of all the pleasures I enjoyed,
 Without a frown or bitter tear,
 With laughing children round our board,
 And her the mother I loved dear.

Pictou, N. S., 1880.

TO MR. JOHN F. MEAGHER, Sr.

The gentleman named above is one of the warmest friends the Poet believes he has in Pictou. Since making up his mind to publish his poems, Mr. Meagher has taken the deepest interest in everything pertaining thereto, at all times giving wise counsel and advice, and encouraging the author not to despair, but to trust to God and all would come out right in the end. There is no person in Pictou in whose company the author has spent so much time, and with greater profit; always willing to accept the counsel of a wise and intelligent man. Many of my poems were written at his table. He has often admitted that he was surprised at the rapidity with which I composed many pieces, and when the piece was finished, the author would ask, "How does that suit you?" His answer was "Show me who can beat it." Mr. Meagher is somewhat like the author, he is not known by the general public, but were he known as the author knows him, the public would have a different opinion of him from what they have. I speak from what *I know of him*. He is a smart, intelligent man, and one I honestly believe would scorn to do his fellow-being an injury.

When death's bell chimes its solemn sound
 That calls us from this world of strife,
 May we with certainty make peace
 With God, and have eternal life.
 Our lives are but a shadow here,
 How little do we give a thought,
 That Christ He died that all should live;
 Our souls by Him were dearly bought.

How oft I think should God decree
 That you should be the first to leave
 This world, where's naught but trouble sore,
 For you I'd weep and ever grieve.
 When I recount the many friends
 With cordial greeting me surround,
 Among them all I truly say
 Not one like you I've ever found.

How oft your counsel wise you gave ;
 No better father gave his child,
 With words well weighed, with good intent,
 The same you gave both meek and mild.
 With truth to this world I confess,
 The same will stand when time's no more,
 I've profited by your counsel sound
 While you add daily to my store.

When troubles gather round me thick,
 Your pleasant words give me relief ;
 Like bread upon the waters cast,
 They bring me joy instead of grief.
 I trust that God will you repay
 For worthy are you of His love ;
 My foremost thought, my wish sincere,
 That you may dwell with Him above.

And as a ransomed sinner live,
 Where all is peace and love profound,
 Where God our Saviour's ever near
 Where saints and angels Him surround ;
 This is the poet's earnest prayer,
 He trusts that God may grant the same,
 That when the heavenly roll is called,
 In His own Book He'll find your name.

Pictou, Aug. 3rd, 1890.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

5TH CHAP. OF ST. MATTHEW.

When Jesus on the mountain stood,
 Great multitudes were there,
 And His disciples came to Him
 That they His love might share.
 And thus He taught them words divine:
 Blessed are the poor indeed,
 But they who put their trust in Me
 Their souls I'll ever feed.

Blessed, blessed are those that mourn,
 For comforted they'll be;
 Blessed are the meek, as Christ He was,
 They sure shall Heaven see.
 Blessed are they that hunger,
 And blessed are they that thirst,
 For my own sake and righteousness
 By me shall not be cursed.

Blessed be him who is merciful,
 And mercy spread abroad.
 Blessed are the pure in spirit
 For they shall see their God.
 Blessed be the peace-makers,
 They called by God shall be;
 Blessed be the persecuted,
 Heaven's Kingdom they shall see.

Blessed are those when men revile
 And shall all evil say,
 And persecute you for my sake,
 Heed not what they may say;

Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
For this by God is given,
Great you'll find is your reward
To dwell with God in heaven.

Of this earth ye are the salt ;
Should it its savour lose,
It shall be trodden down by men
Not fit for other use.
Of this world, ye are the light ;
Serve God as ye are bid ;
A city set upon a hill
From men cannot be hid.

A candle neither do men light,
Nor it do they conceal,
But on a candlestick it's placed,
That it may light reveal.
Before all men let your light shine,
To you the same is given,
That God you'll ever glorify
Your Father who's in heaven.

I have come down, not to destroy
The prophets or the law,
I come in all things to fulfil
What God's old Seers saw.
Till heaven and earth shall pass away
And all on earth be stilled,
God's law forever will remain
Till all shall be fulfilled.

Whoever shall but one law break,
Commandments by God given,
And shall unwisely teach the same,
Shall be the least in heaven.
But he who shall them wisely teach,
And not them desecrate,
By God Himself he shall be called
To enter heaven's gate.

Except that you in righteousness
Scribes and Pharisees exceed,
Thy righteousness and love of God
Is poor and vain indeed.
Have you not heard that it was said
By them of olden time,
Thy brother's life thou shall not take
Which is God's law divine?

But I again say unto you,
If thy heart in anger rise
Against thy brother without a cause,
Thy God shall thee despise ;
But who shall call his brother *fool*,
And from him then retire,
With hate and anger in his heart,
Is in danger of hell-fire.

But to the altar bring thy gift
And there be reconciled,
For heaven thou shall never see
But as a little child.
Before the altar leave thy gift,
And then go on thy way,
And ask forgiveness of God
To guide you night and day.

Quick with your enemy agree,
While you are in his way,
That he may not deliver you
To prison, there to stay.
For God himself has truly said—
And what He says is true—
You shall not out of prison come
Till you pay what is due.

Have you not heard that it was said,
By them of olden time,
That to commit adultery
Is a grave and heinous crime?

But unto you again I say,
And in God's Book its written,
Adulterers, both man and woman,
By God shall sure be smitten.

If thy right eye should thee offend,
From thee let it be cast ;
Better you should one member lose,
Than all in hell should last.
If thy right hand should thee offend,
Quick let it pass from thee,
God, in His wisdom, knoweth all
From time to eternity.

The wife who man shall put away,
And adultery's the cause,
Let him divorcement give to her,
Which is one of God's laws.
But I again say unto you,
Be the cause fornication,
The man who shall again her wed
Is guilty of damnation.

Again, I say this unto you,
Thyself shall not forswear ;
An oath unto the Lord perform,
And solemnly declare,
Swear not at all, again I say,
By earth or by the heaven,
Break not this sacred law of God
That by Himself was given.

But let thy words be yea or nay,
For more than these are evil,
Take heed that you resist the same.
Serve God and not the devil.
Whoever shall thy right cheek smite
The other to him turn,
The same will cause remorse and shame
And cause his heart to burn.

And if a man thyself will sue,
 And take away thy coat,
 In love I say this unto you,
 Give him also your cloak.
 And whosoever thee constrains
 With him a mile to go,
 In humbleness and meekness,
 I say go with him two.

Give unto him that asketh thee,
 And from him that would borrow
 See that thou never turn away,
 And cause him grief and sorrow.
 Love your enemies, I say,
 Bless them that do curse you ;
 Do good to them that do you hate
 And righteousness pursue.

That ye may be the children
 Of your Father who's in heaven ;
 The sun He maketh it to rise,
 A blessing freely given ;
 And on the evil and the good
 He sendeth rain from heaven,
 For if you love them that love you,
 A blessing will be given.

If you your brethren do salute,
 What do ye more than others ?
 Do not the Publicans the same
 As other Christian brothers ?
 Be ye, therefore, perfect ;
 I this command have given ;
 Even as your heavenly Father,
 Who perfect is in heaven.

Pictou, Nov. 15th, 1889.

THE NEW BELL, STELLA MARIS CHURCH.

Consecrated on Sabbath morning, March 17th. 1889, by His Lordship Bishop Cameron of Antigonish. Weight without yoke, 1605 lbs; with yoke, 2250. It is composed partially of the metal of the first bell, which was presented to the Church by James McNamara:—

Loud tolls the bell, yet sweet its tone,
 As is the voice of Jesus dear,
 Who shed His blood upon this earth
 To save all erring sinners here;
 Melodious do its tones go forth
 To call us to the house of God,
 Where all will kneel in fervent prayer
 To sing His praise and hear His word.

Its sound is ever sweet to all,
 When, Sabbath morn, you hear it ring,
 It calls to memory solemn thoughts,
 To worship Christ our Heavenly King.
 And sinners vile who seldom think,
 As it peals forth its solemn toll,
 That it is calling them to look
 To try and save their sinful soul.

Now ponder on its solemn sound,
 Recount the sins you've done each day,
 And ask forgiveness of your God
 When on your bended knees you pray.
 The time on earth for all is short,
 So let us now improve our time;
 We shall be called to meet our God
 In heaven, where bells forever chime.

Some think it is a weary road
 To reach that gate which stands ajar;
 Be firm and put your trust in God,
 You then will find it is not far.

For Christ will ring His own chime bells
To guide us to His heavenly home,
Where angels rest in peace and love,
And where we'll never be alone.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

MAY 24TH, 1889.

Unfurl all flags, let trumpets sound,
And joyous voices raise a cheer,
This is the Birthday of OUR QUEEN,
And HER, her subjects love most dear ;
All nations love her ardently,
For she is worthy of the same—
She long has reigned and worn a crown,
Beloved VICTORIA is her name.

To-day all nations bow their heads,
To her who rules on land and sea,
And WE, CANADIANS, join with them,
Who are of British pedigree ;
What nation on this world has seen,
A Ruler that was so beloved ?
Not one on earth, but heaven has ONE,
And He is GOD who reigns above.

In '38 she took the Crown,
The same she wears without disgrace ;
She trembles not to meet a foe,
In arms she'll meet him face to face ;
And when the battle does begin,
She does not weep or shed a tear—
She firmly stands for freedom's cause,
Right is her might, she does not fear.

What Sovereign since this world began
 Has reigned so long in peace and love,
 ONE, only one, and He is God,
 Who rules and reigns in heaven above.
 Unfurl that flag and let it wave
 Free to the balmy breeze of heaven,
 Its motto is the words of God,
 "Good will and peace to all be given."

Long may she live, our well-loved Queen ;
 Upon the throne long may she reign ;
 For when she goes to heaven above—
 Her equal we'll not see again ;
 Her subjects do her fondly love,
 The same is true and plainly seen,
 The watchword is a household word,
 GOD SAVE VICTORIA, ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

Pictou, May 23rd, 1889.

TO A SINCERE FRIEND.

This gentleman is living in Pictou Town, and his many acts of kindness to the author has made him pen these few lines. He has many times been an eye witness of his many acts to others as to himself. The author often told him he would never be rich. "Well," he would answer, "perhaps not in this world, but I hope in the next." Courtesy compels me to withhold his name.

If all your friends should you forsake
 When trouble gathers round you fast,
 Should I be spared to see the same,
 I'll stand by you until the last,
 And strive to be to you a friend,
 Though small indeed that comfort be,
 On thee my all I will bestow
 While I am left to comfort thee.

If God should me with riches bless,
With you I'd freely, freely share ;
What comfort would it be to me
To know you were not in despair.
The day may come, I trust it may—
That I may have the will and power
To lavish on you generous gifts
As freely as the heavenly showers.

How oft I think, how strange it seems
That some are blest with generous heart,
And not possessed of this world's goods
That they might act a noble part.
How many are there God has blessed
With all that this world can bestow,
But yet with all this favor shown
They could not one kind act bestow.

But you, my friend, not so with you ;
Though poor, you have a generous heart ;
For oft to me you proved the same,
You nobly did perform your part.
When trouble gathered round me fast,
And sore oppressed with pain and grief,
Your kindly words and generous heart
Did often give me quick relief.

The widow and the orphan's friend,
The same you are, Oh ! yes, how true,
How oft you did your hand extend
When the Oppressor did pursue.
To comfort give to those oppressed,
Unmindful of your own and self,
And with thy generous heart and hand
Refuse the widow's hard earned pelf.

To God I pray, long may you live,
And ever have His love and grace,
And when from earth you're called away ;
In heaven you may rest in peace

If ever one deserves the same,
 You surely are God's chosen one,
 No doubt I have when He calls you,
 He'll say the prize you worthily won.

Pictou, Feb. 8, 1890.

BROOKSIDE COTTAGE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO J. S. MACKENZIE.

If trials should you sore oppress,
 I bid you not despair ;
 The just, as well as the unjust,
 Must each their portion share
 Of this world's favors ; good or ill,
 To each a share is given,
 That we should ever glorify
 Our FATHER who's in heaven.

An honest man—his word's his bond,
 He'll firm stand by the same.
 He'd scorn to stoop to actions low
 To cause remorse and shame.
 But what is right and just he'll do,
 As strength to him is given,
 That he may have eternal rest
 With God who dwells in heaven.

And you, my friend, I must confess
 Are just that honest man ;
 From what I've seen and know of you,
 You'll do the best you can.
 To help a neighbor in distress
 Wh-n he is sore oppressed,
 Your object's not the praise of man,
 But heaven's eternal rest.

I trust success will you attend
 In all you undertake,
 And could I lend a helping hand
 I'd do it for your sake.
 An honor, yes, and one I'd prize,
 Not that 'twould bring me fame,
 But for to serve a worthy man
 Who bears a Scottish name.

A noble, Scottish ancestor,
 Who Scotland's rights upheld,
 In deeds of daring bravery
 Where many a hero fell.
 There's many noble Scottish sons
 Who won renown and fame,
 And many reaped their just reward
 Who bore your honored name.

I trust that God, He will you guide,
 Peace and contentment give,
 And when He calls you from this world,
 With Him you'll ever live ;
 And to your bosom friend through life
 All worldly comforts share,
 And heaven's home with God above
 Is the poet's earnest prayer.

You are a happy Benedict.
 Long may you that remain,
 While life is left you here below,
 And when you heaven gain,
 And your little angel baby girl,
 May she not with trouble wrangle,
 But with her God join Pa and Ma
 To form a true triangle.

Pictou, July 10th, 1890.

TO MR. JOHN ROY, THANKING HIM FOR A
COPY OF BURNS' POEMS.

Thanks tae ye, Johnnie, for the book
That frae ye're humble house I took,
The poet's words do me inspire,
And set my very soul on fire.
There's not a page that I turn o'er,
But I admire more and more,
My mind frae grief to pleasure turns,
For truly I admire Burns.

Where's the subject he didna' touch?
The deacon, minister, and church;
The bonnie flower in the field,
The ground that to him food did yield;
The child who frae the mither born,
He mentioned it, but not wi' scorn,
But tae the miser and the laird
He gave them what he could afford.

His masterpiece and my delight,
The poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night,"
No poem of his I must declare
To my fancy can with it compare.
I love to read each line and verse,
And think as I them oft rehearse,
What treasure was stored in his mind,
To produce such so well combined.

A finished work, not left undone,
Of all that Nature said or sung,—
Of love, of kindred, foe, or friend,
Poetic lustre to them lend.

Now, for your sake I'll keep the book,
 And often through its pages look ;
 I'll highly prize it with much joy,
 The gift from you, my dear friend Roy.

When from this world I pass away,
 The book will wi' my own bairns stay,
 That they may sing baith sang and poem,
 While they a lonely road may roam.
 Our time noo, Jock, is fleeting fast,
 We canna here forever last,
 So let us try to smooth the road,
 That leads us tae God's ain abode.

Pictou, Jan'y, 1875.

THE WINDOW-TAPPERS.

The following lines were written one afternoon on account of two girls who were in a tailor's shop, and who had tapped at the window while the author was standing on the sidewalk.

Raise the blind, let in the light,
 Let the sunlight shine on you,
 Heaven does bestow it freely
 While your labors you pursue.
 Fear not, when the rain is falling,
 That you'll melt like flakes of snow,
 For you are of tougher matter,
 And the same, no doubt, you know.

If your cheeks are red as roses,
 Soon they will be ghostly white,
 Plying steadily with the needle
 For to gain a scanty bite.
 If the needle it should fail you,
 Don't despond or take the sulks,
 For you know somewhat of farming,
 Picking stones and rooting stumps.

When you feel depressed or weary,
 And your way clear cannot see,
 And you wish for consolation,
 Rub your back against a tree.
 If the bark feels rather roughly
 And it does you agitate,
 Keep your temper in subjection,
 Try the cross bar of the gate.

Take this lesson, ponder o'er it,
 Think, before you take a nap,
 Who's the people that are passing
 When you at the window tap.
 I myself care nothing for it,
 Many are there not like me,
 That would take an invitation
 And no doubt call you to see.

Many in this town are like you,
 Self-esteem to them is sweet,
 For they think there's none their equal
 Either on or off the street.
 Discretion's better part of valor,
 Think before you leap or hop,
 That there's engineers and many
 More than 's in a tailor shop.

Pictou, March 2nd, 1890.

THE OLD BACHELORS.

Why all this weeping and wailing,
 In accent much like a dog's whine,
 With a deep-drawn sigh it is smothered,
 Its a bachelor, much past his prime ;

On his face there's a look of dejection,
As he to himself mutters away,
In this world he finds no consolation,
He regrets that he let pass the day.

The coat on his back is in tatters,
His shirt wants a washing indeed,
By the number of holes in his stockings,
Of darning they stand much in need ;
Rents in his pants without number,
The buttons are fast falling off,
A female, he shudders to meet her,
For at him she laughs and she scoffs.

Week in and week out and forever,
Meet him there's a scowl on his face,
And the terrific sounds that he mutters
Unlike they to the human race ;
His feet in his home they are planted
With darkness above and below,
With no one to give consolation,
No fire, no light lit aglow.

The stove he then scratches and rattles,
In hope to revive what's lost life,
With a sigh of depression he mutters,
What would I not give for a wife ;
But those days are past, and forever
My lot I'll endure best I can,
I long heard it said—I believe it,
A bachelor is not a wise man.

When you meet a dejected old fellow,
His looks they betray him each hour,
With a laugh that is hard and depressing,
Twice repeated, sweet milk it would sour.
If you should but kindly salute him,
"Tell me, friend, why you're not wed ?"
His answer—it always is ready—
"I cannot till old mother's dead !"

One excuse, and then there's another,
 A sister to him is a slave,
 Its oft from her heart that she wishes,
 That she was at rest in her grave ;
 There's many old misers among them,
 Who the pleasures of life will not share,
 When asked to enjoy the world's comforts
 Swear, a shilling they hav'nt to spare.

There's others as mean, and you know them,
 Word "charity," to them's uncouth,
 They will wriggle as if in contortion
 The same as when drawing a tooth ;
 I'll mention a few while I've leisure,
 And prove they've a loss, not a gain,
 And when I am done them harrassing,
 From a bachelor's life they'll refrain.

Old Adam, your time is fast fleeting,
 Though no Garden of Eden is here,
 I think it is time my old fellow
 A wife you should have you to cheer ;
 Quite often you look sad and weary
 For some one with you to condole ;
 I bid you be quick take a partner,
 She a tocsin will be to your soul.

You're not like old Sinbad the Sailor,
 For married he'd be long ago,
 Circumstances, you know alter all cases,
 Not the same with yourself you well know ;
 So hurry up now my old fellow,
 You're far past the ripe prime of life,
 It is said you are most broken hearted,
 And all for the want of a wife.

I trust there is hope for Old Sinny,
That he will not let pass the day,
In appearance he is not much altered,
Except that his whiskers are grey ;
But that needn't stop an engagement,
There's no need to fret or to sigh,
No maid would at all be offended,
If she knew he used Ayer's Hair Dye.

Another, you know him, old Jimmy,
To him life's a weary, sad load ;
Seldom seen in the house of a neighbor,
But always in his own abode.
He can't bear the look of a lassie,
And none but himself can tell why,
There's many would jump at his offer,
Oh ! pray don't a bachelor die.

Old Jack, who long has been Flaxy,
The reason of that I don't know,
He swears by the earth and the heavens,
No woman with him will tease tow ;
All the best of his days he's been single,
The same he declares is no sin,
But under the blankets he shivers,
When he draws his knees up to his chin.

Another is old Jock the farmer,
Who long looked round for a wife,
His title alone is sufficient,
You know him, the old Earl of Fyfe ;
His farm is well tilled and well planted,
With horses and cattle and sheep,
A girl in her light would be standing
If she thought the Earl couldn't her keep.

Old pendulum, why do you tarry,
Of courting you ought to be sick,
You are not like some of the others,
Who are wanting a wife upon tick.

You are able and willing to keep one,
 But try and get one that can sing,
 She'd help no doubt to amuse you
 When in a watch putting a spring.

There's Jack the old Carriboo rooster,
 You meet him in town now and then,
 You might judge by outward appearance,
 'Twas time he took home an old hen.
 For a wife all the section he hunted,
 To find one with him to condole,
 But as yet he has not found a pullet
 That would roost with him on the same pole.

And there is old dandified Davy,
 A model, a typical man,
 The girl who'd be lucky to get him,
 Never want would she mutton or ham.
 There's many a king 'mong the cobblers,
 And one, he is strutting around,
 That a maid he might get with a fortune,
 But that girl he has never yet found.

APOLOGY.

I'm sorry that one is offended,
 At my simple and plain meaning hint,
 I apologize now to him freely,
 In this stanza, it's plainly in print;
 Offence was to no one intended,
 But that each at the other should laugh,
 So I hope he will join in the chorus
 Every day when he's killing a calf.

And there is the corpulent grocer,
 He feels very sad and depressed,
 A critic might be of opinion,
 From courting he should have a rest.

Be quick now and put on your armour,
When a rival appears do not run ;
Repulse at the point of the bayonet,
And then you can capture the gun.

There's Danny the famous stone-cutter,
As inspector of work he's well paid,
It's rumored that once he was jilted,
Now with horror he looks on a maid.
Another old Jack I must mention,
For fast he's beginning to fail,
A year or two more an old bachelor,
No doubt he will then be quite stale.

Another old dandified fellow,
Quite a fortune he's got, it is said,
By selling prime beef, lamb and mutton,
A good husband he'd make for a maid ;
Now, I bid you, old fellow, take courage,
Once defeated, again try your luck,
It's little you know of the value
That lies in a sheep's head and pluck.

Old Jimmy, quite long has he tarried,
Though always in hurry and hustle,
The objection he's got to the females,
For him they wear rather much bustle.
And Dickey, why are you delaying ?
Pop the question, she'll quick answer yes,
For the longer you keep her awaiting
Her affections and beauty grow less.

And Daniel, the famous ship steerer,
Who for years has been sailing around,
His course he has altered quite often,
But a partner yet he's not found ;
He's like many other old fellows,
Who utter a deep drawn sigh,
And says, with a shrug of his shoulders,
" I can't wed till old mammy dies."

How often you meet those old fellows,
 Dressed up in a dandified rig ;
 But mention the name of a female,
 They turn up their nose like a pig ;
 For what 's not their equal they're looking,
 And her they eternally hunt,
 But lo ! when she gives them the G. B.,
 Good Lord, how they'll grumble and grunt.

Now, bachelors, study this lesson,
 And it in your memory keep,
 Two heads together are better than one,
 If they are but heads like a sheep ;
 I could name their names by the dozen,
 I trust those I've mentioned won't kick,
 That a bachelor's life they'll give over,
 And join with th' honored Benedicts.

Pictou, March 20th, 1890.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

Dedicated to the old Bachelors who felt somewhat displeased at the Bachelor's Poem.

In what a strange world we are living,
 People in it of every sort,
 Who quickly fly to conclusions
 And with anger and venom retort ;
 'Twould be better they'd stop and consider,
 And the problems solve if they can,
 And thus show their sense and their judgment
 As sensible, not sensitive, men.

If a person should speak in a whisper,
 And one of them is standing near,
 He's dreading, and can't tell the reason,
 That about himself something he'll hear ;

Forever they are for news-hunting,
 Like a bee who for honey does strive,
 Speak as you like they're offended,
 To show they are quite sensitive.

They have always a tremble and shiver,
 And always in dread and in fear,
 That news they can't find of their neighbour
 But of themselves something they'll hear.
 They're a lot that's exacting and selfish,
 They generally join in a band,
 Their timid and sensitive nature
 Compels them to go hand in hand.

One thing they're eternally wishing,
 And none but themselves understand,
 All the people they wish in the world were dead
 Then around would they go selling land.
 Such a wish shows their sense and their wisdom,
 A lunatic once wished the same,
 But sad to relate in a fit he dropped dead,
 And his long-looked for wish never came.

Some people, like horses, in harness they kick ;
 Better show their good sense and keep cool,
 And don't let their sensitiveness them overcome
 Like an unbroken colt or a mule.
 It's all very well when the laugh's on their side,
 And they don't feel the hard pinching shoe,
 But lo! should it happen to be on themselves,
 For weeks they are scarlet and blue.

When they get a call for charity's cause,
 To aid in the wants of the poor,
 The asker to them he tries to explain
 What trials those people endure.
 Their sensitive nature reluctantly says,
 "Such action is charity sure,
 "Those scraps I contribute not fit for soap grease,
 Now I'm willing to give to the poor."

Pictou, March 20th, 1890.

IF THE SHOE FITS YOU, WEAR IT.

These verses are respectfully and particularly dedicated to the old Bachelors who took offence at the Bachelor's Poem.

A row and a rumpus is now in our town,
 It's truth all the same, don't you know it?
 A few feel displeas'd at the Bachelor's Poem,
 So vengeance they swear on the Poet.
 I'm sorry indeed that offended they feel,
 One of them's a deluded poor swain,
 A disease he has got to which many are heir,
 It is known as the softness of brain.

It's a pity indeed such a prominent man
 Of such value to all should be lost,
 So I trust that some remedy soon may be found
 That will cure, irrespective of cost.
 Advice I now tender that pack of numbskulls,
 As free as falls snow on hard frost,
 With care have removed their small lot of brains,
 And have them most carefully washed.

When the operation with care is performed,
 And done doubtless with good intent,
 The hole that is made can be perfectly closed
 With plaster or yankee cement.
 But care must be taken that none should be lost,
 But every particle keep,
 If not, the deficiency must be made up
 From the head of a calf or a sheep.

And when the deficiency has been made up,
 And wanting in strength it should fail,
 A much stronger mixture I advise them to try
 It is found at the root of the tail.

But lo! should it happen that they should select
 The brains from a head not a male,
 The mixture no doubt will forever ferment
 As you well know does porter or ale.

You are welcome to wear if the shoe does you fit,
 If not, do not cast it aside,
 I've not always leisure nor time to afford
 Free counsel and sense to provide.
 I'm often engaged in the labors of love,
 And this I bestow as your share,
 So freely accept as I freely give
 You'll remember me oft in your prayers.

Pictou, April 8th, 1890.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

24TH OF MAY, 1890.

Another year has come and gone,
 And still she lives HER glorious reign,
 Supreme upon Old England's throne,
 Long may she there in peace remain;
 A Sovereign by all nations loved;
 All British subjects her adore,
 For her that love has always been,
 And it will last for evermore.

When she resigns her well-earned crown,
 It may in Europe cause a change,
 But let us GOD sincerely trust,
 It won't her Empire disarrange;
 With jealous eye she's closely watched
 By all the nations of the earth,
 There's some no doubt who wish for peace,
 While others wish the war cloud burst.

We trust that day far distant is,
 And that the same she may not see,
 But that in her declining years
 She may with all live peacefully ;
 Her motto " Peace " has ever been,
 And always foremost in her view,
 Love for her subjects first of all,
 A love sincere, devout and true.

The good old flag that long has waved
 O'er battles both on land and sea,
 It was the first, and nobly too,
 That set the slave from bondage free ;
 Long may it wave, " insult " who will,
 They better first had count the cost,
 To rouse the lion in his lair,
 A tower of strength Old England boasts.

God ever bless our well loved Queen,
 And many years more may she see.
 To wear her long worn honored crown,
 With joy and sweet felicity ;
 And when HER FATHER bids her come,
 And join HIS throng in heaven high,
 All people then will hang their heads,
 While her loved subjects weep and sigh,

Pictou, N. S., May, 1890.

CLARENCE MILLS.

I took a walk to Clarence Mills
 To view the briny sea,
 And listen to the birds of song
 That flew from tree to tree.

When I recall the years that's gone,
And view the good old Mill,
Fresh to my memory does it bring
Old scenes—I see them still.

The doors are locked, the windows closed,
All hum and bustle gone,
The joyous sounds I often heard :
The Scottish miller's song.
All hushed they are, and silence reigns—
No sounds of voice resound,
No waggon laden down with corn:
At the old mill is found.

No puffing engine do I hear,
No engineer, it's true;
No buzz of saw, no miller's dust,
They've all passed from my view.
The good old kiln has passed away,
And vacant stands the ground,
Where oft in years that's past and gone,
Old "Barney" could be found.

An honest, trusty servant man,
He'd meet you with a smile,
And tell you of the happy days
He spent in Erin's Isle.
Of scenes then in his memory fresh,
Of youth and prime manhood,
To listen to his tale of home,
It really did you good.

But all those scenes have passed away,
No more return they will ;—
The busy life of usefulness
Has ceased at Clarence Mill.
Its founder lies beneath the sod,
Relieved from worldly strife,
He, with his God now rests in peace,
In everlasting life.

The jovial Pictou Islanders,
Their boats well loaded down
With produce rich, from off the farm,
Are now no longer found,
But still their grists they bring each year,
And trust they always will,
To make it into flour and meal;—
But not at Clarence Mill.

All hushed and still, no smoke doth rise,
The fires are out and dead;
The vital spark that once had life,
Alas! it now has fled.
And never more will it return,
As oft in years gone by,
No more we see dark clouds of smoke
Ascending to the sky.

Stout, staunch and strong the chimney stands,
High towering o'er the hill,
A monument that brings to mind
The worth of Clarence Mill.
The roof is covered now with moss,
Fast going to decay;—
Like other structures in our town,
It's seen a better day.

The wharf where boats were wont to lie
In safety night and day,
Awaiting till their grist was ground,
Has now gone to decay.
All hum of voices hushed and still,
Not as in years before,
No sound of song is ever heard
Nor Gaelic in galore.

I trust a change we soon may see
From what appears in view,
To make an animated scene,
And with new life imbue.

Where busy hands will then be seen,
 At work, with zeal and skill,
 That to old men will bring to mind
 The days of Clarence Mill.

Pictou, April 26th, 1890.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER,

Let sailors sail the briny deep,
 Let soldiers praise their armour ;
 But foremost in my mind I keep
 The independent farmer.
 The rose at first, when robed in green,
 Unfolds its crimson lining ;
 And clinging round the cottage porch,
 The honeysuckle twining.

When flowers bloom their sweetness yield
 To bees that gather honey,
 He drives his team across the field
 Where skies are bright and sunny.
 And as he labors with a will,
 He buckles on his armour,
 He nothing has to dread or fear—
 The independent farmer.

The robin sings behind his plow,
 The sparrow chirps quite clearly ;
 His cattle grazing in the field,
 Near home he loves so dearly ;
 The lime-washed barn, whose doors enfold
 The crop as it he gathers,
 Where it is sheltered from the storm
 Of fall and winter weather.

But yonder at the door she stands,
 His wife, the lovely charmer,
 The sweetest rose, to him, by far,
 The independent farmer.
 Her healthful cheek, her sparkling eye,
 In mirthful glee are glancing,
 While baby in his petticoat,
 Beside her close is dancing.

To him the spring brings joyous days,
 The bee around him humming,
 It shows to him as plain as day
 That spring now fast is coming.
 The world may move ; he does not care ;
 He, like his neighbors round him,
 His little flock he dearly loves,
 They all with love surround him.

At early dawn at work he is,
 The tangled sod he'll turn ;
 His neighbor that is sore oppressed
 He will not from him spurn.
 He trusts in God ; his wife he loves,
 And hopes no ill may harm her ;
 He's nature's sturdy nobleman,
 The independent farmer.

Pictou, May, 1890.

THE OLD PICTOU MARKET BUILT IN THE
 YEAR 1852.

This famous old structure that stand in full view,
 An honor it was to our town ;
 Should not be repaired, Oh never, I say,
 Away with it, down, pull it down ;

And build up another a different shape,
 And a good one—begin it quite soon,
 The country at large can occasionally see
 What resembles "Old Market"—Full Moon.

In years that are gone, t'was a pleasure to see
 Happy faces that wore a bright smile;
 The hard working farmer, his wife and his maid,
 That had travelled for many a mile
 Through drifts of deep snow, with cold piercing winds,
 Their eggs and their butter to sell;
 There's many now living, and many are dead,
 Who to you a queer story could tell,

Of what they had seen and what they had heard
 In years that are gone and passed by:
 To listen to some it would cause you to laugh,
 While others would cause you to sigh.
 There was many a wife and a mother, I'm sure,
 That oft walked around on yon floor,
 And many a handsome and young blushing maid
 Watched her lover from South or North door.

But go when you like, you have nothing to see,
 And many with horror do stare,
 Except what's been seen for many a year,
 Four blocks that are silent and bare.
 No prudent house-wife, no Maggie, no Jane,
 No Susan, no Mary, no Bell,
 With chickens and geese, and a turkey or two,
 That they brought to the market to sell.

No quarters of beef do you see hanging up,
 Nor the best of good veal, lamb and mutton;
 A prime carcass of pork with six inches of fat
 That would please any ravenous glutton;
 No firkins of butter, no cakes of good cheese,
 No sheep-skins, no hide of a cow,
 No Gaelic-galore where was plenty in store,
 The reason all know why and how.

The voice of the farmer no more do you hear,
 Nor the laugh of the sweet happy maid ;
 Nor the shrill words, whoa ! whoa ! from the young
 farmer boy,
 More with shame to our town be it said ;
 No moss on the roof at all to be seen,
 But just view the ground as you pass ;
 There's no need of fodder to grow so high up
 When the ground yields such beautiful grass.

No longer delay, but at once begin work,
 Let the world see we've not lost our shame ;
 Erect a fine structure a credit to all,
 Show Pictou's not lost its good name ;
 Move this rotten old structure away far from view,
 It's become now a standing disgrace ;
 We want only will and with that we've the skill—
 Let a better one now take its place.

Pictou, July, 1890.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

With a measured step and happy smile
 He treads along to the house of prayer,
 The Scriptures grasped tight in his hand
 That of the blessings he might share.
 With eyes uplifted, he implores
 That God his favors will bestow
 On him, and all his kith and kin,
 While life is left him here below.

His oft-repeated thread-bare prayer
 With harshness falls upon each ear ;
 To none alas ! but to himself,
 Does it bring hope, much less a cheer.

Self-righteous and self-esteemed,
 He's loaded down with worldly care,
 Self foremost ever in his view,
 He cares not who may blessings share.

For those who labor, and with skill,
 He little thinks how ill they fare ;
 His foremost thought, esteem by man,
 He gets that while he utters prayers.
 Unmindful, though its Sabbath morn,
 Of him who labored through the week,
 The man who is a slave to him
 Saturday-night does credit seek.

But him who just has offered prayer
 With eyes upraised to heaven high,
 He little cares if wife and child
 With pinching hunger, weep and sigh.
 The foremost thought is in his view,
 To see his name appear in print,
 Unmindful when he does bestow
 His contribution is misspent.

His garments of the best broadcloth,
 And well they fit him when put on,
 The overcoat a costly one
 To shelter him from winter's storm.
 He little thinks and less he cares,
 For him who labors with a will,
 How oft the winter's piercing winds
 Harrass him and his life-blood chill.

A teacher in the Sabbath School
 The rising young do on him stare,
 He little thinks by his neglect
 Some breakfast on quite scanty fare.
 If such you call a Christian man—
 And in our midst there many be—
 I, for my part, him designate
 The hypocrite and Pharisee.

-Pictou, May 14th, 1890.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

I saw a handsome country lass,
And she was fresh and fair,
Her rosy arms hung by her side,
Few with her can compare.
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower,
I never dreamed my eyes should see
So sweet, so fair a flower.

Far distant from the city strife,
And inland from the seas,
This lassie blooms most fresh and fair,
As pure as angels be.
She caught her dewy healthfulness
From hill and vale and flower ;
I never dreamed my eyes should see
So sweet, so fair a flower.

The rainbow must have lent to her
Some of its glowing shade,
The wild rose parted with a blush
When it beheld this maid ;
The sunbeams danced both in and out
Among her dark-brown hair,
I never thought I'd see a lass
So modest, pure and fair.

The birds of spring have taught her notes
Of joyous, simple song,
I'd never think it ill-spent time
To hear her all day long.
And if for her—ah ! could it be !
I'd part with wealth and power,
I never dreamed my eyes should see
So sweet, so fair a flower.

Pictou, May 4, 1890.

TO ANNIE.

The following was written while Mrs. Murdoch was on her sick bed. I little thought I would put her in the grave three months after.

How can I forget thee, darling,
 While thy presence still is nigh?
 Yes, I'll ever fondly love thee,
 With thy bright and beaming eye.
 O, what throbs do swell my bosom,
 As I fondly think of thee!
 Well I know the same sensation
 Haunts you when you think of me.

When the day comes that we're parted—
 But I hope that day's not near—
 When you mingle with the stranger,
 Thoughts of one may cause you tears;
 But I hope that God may guide you,
 In the path of truth and love,
 As He guides the heavenly angels
 In the glorious realms above.

Pictou, Oct. 15th, 1880.

 HONEST LABOUR.

I love to hear the anvil sound
 Sweet music to my ear,
 The whirring of the busy saw,
 It brings no dread or fear.
 The ringing of hard tempered steel,
 The grating of the drill,
 The countless rounds of turning lathe,
 The whirring of the mill.

The buzzing of the opening wheel,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the iron horse,
The fan's continuous boom,
The clicking of the tailor's shears,
The sound of garden spade,
Sweet music do they bring to all
If the labor's justly paid.

I love the plowman's pleasant tune,
The harvester's gay song,
The drover's voice, as oft he shouts,
As his cattle walk along ;
The busy life of market-man,
As he goes to the town,
The shrill hallo from lofty tree
As fruit comes tumbling down.

The busy sound of threshing-floors,
When cleaning ripened grain,
The farmer's joke, his mirth and glee,
Sweet music has each strain ;
The gentle voice of dairyman,
The happy milking maids ;
Those sounds bring pleasure to the heart
If the labor's justly paid.

They tell each longing laborer
The duties of man's life,
How much there is of love and joy
In labor and in strife.
Not dreading honest toil each day,
Of them be not it said,
But love to labor with a will
If it is justly paid.

But if the toil of honest man
Is paid by miser's hand,
It causes countless sobs of grief
Throughout a Christian land.

When work each week is well performed,—
 And truth now must be said,—
 The poor, but honest laborer,
 Is often poorly paid.

There is a joy in honest work—
 And truth now be it said—
 That joy and happiness it brings
 When it is justly paid.
 But when you're ground, and sore oppressed,
 As misers grind they will,
 Your labour brings but small returns
 As does a gristless mill.

He'll sap the life-blood from your veins,
 Unmindful of your grief,
 Though he has got it in his power
 To give you quick relief.
 Unfeeling heart throbs in his breast,
 As helpless children cry,
 His acts of mercy mind you of
 The spider's to the fly.

A HANDSOME LASS.

The following lines were written on a young girl who the poet at the time did not know. He happened to be sitting, after dinner, on the door step opposite to where the young girl worked, when he happened to see her looking out of the window; and being struck with her beauty and innocence, he wrote the following lines. The young girl's name is A—— McD——, belonging to the County of Antigonish.

To Miss A—— McD——

I saw a young and handsome lass,
 In youth's ripe prime of life;
 She is a fair young creature,
 Fit for a Monarch's wife,

Her rosy cheek and sparkling eye,
 Her wavy auburn hair ;
 Doubly blest will be the man,
 Who may her pure love share.

When I gazed upon this fair one,
 What thoughts came in my mind ;
 That few I can compare to her,
 For they are hard to find ;
 Her gentle word and winning ways,
 Her sweet and loving smile,
 Brought thoughts of pleasure to my soul,
 And did my heart beguile.

God truly has endowed her
 With His gifts a double share,
 Of choice flowers in the garden,
 She's the fairest of the fair,
 The lily of the valley,
 The rose of morn and night,
 Both hang their heads in shyness
 When they viewed this beauty bright.

Oh, her smile is so bewitching
 As she gently walks along ;
 And the birds all anxious waiting
 For to hear her sweetest song ;
 By all she is admired,
 Not to mention those who love,
 She is like a heavenly angel
 With a message from above.

She got her rosy healthfulness
 From the briny salt, salt sea,
 At early morn and evening
 You might her often see,
 With form erect, elastic step,
 She gently walks along.
 In innocence and purity
 To sing her sweetest song.

May God forever guide her,
 Is the poet's earnest prayer,
 That when she leaves this world of strife,
 See may of heaven share,
 Where's naught but peace and happiness,
 All joy and endless love,
 Where God himself forever dwells
 In heaven's home above.
 Pictou, May, 1890.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A fig for a name and a title,
 To many, no doubt, they are dear,
 As Councillor, Squire, or Lawyer,
 They're all titles in poverty here ;
 There are many who now hold the title
 Of Councillor, Lawyer, or Squire,
 Who are unable to write their initials,
 Or pay the poor man for his hire.

But what do they care for such trifles
 If a title comes after their name ?
 It makes them quite void of a feeling
 Of honesty, justice, or shame.
 There's many that's blest with a title,
 Who in court couldn't honestly swear,
 And others, well known to the tailor,
 Can't pay for the coat that they wear.

But what do they care for opinion
 As they meet with the hypocrite's grin ?
 What need they care when they're honored ?
 Their title will cover all sin,—
 For lying and cheating and stealing
 They've practised for many a day,
 And if their confessions were honest,
 This is the best they can say :—

"To the church I belong, I'm a member,
 "The minister well knows the same,
 "But I rob from the poor for to pay him,
 "And with him that keeps my good name.
 "I belong to the temperance Order,
 "Can sing a good song or a psalm,
 "Can give a good temperance lecture,
 "And on the sly take a good dram.

"The worst sin I ever committed,
 "Although I'm a limb of the law,
 "Was drinking to Oliver Cromwell,
 "And kissing big Hannah the Squaw."
 But what need he care for his actions
 When a title's attached to his name?
 To him they are honor and virtue,
 Tho' void of truth, honor, and shame.

Four Mile Brook, 1888.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF
 COLONIAL STANDARD, JAN. 1, 1888.

I'm here again to visit you,
 As did newsboys before,
 To shout and rap and door-bells ring,
 Which made you laugh and roar.
 But this is New Year, '88,
 Old '87 has fled,
 Like many other things on earth,—
 Like old and young, is dead.

But when he lives upon this earth,
 No doubt we've great things seen,
 The iron horse in Pictou Town
 Before has never been.

And, yes! another advent great
 There's many lived to see,
 In this, the nineteenth century :
 The year of Jubilee.

What means the year of Jubilee?
 To christians it is given,
 That we exult on earth below
 As angels do in heaven.
 And double praise to Him who reigns,
 In heaven He's most supreme,
 Him, for Victoria, let us praise,
 Old England's honored Queen.

No war has troubled Europe,
 All the world has been at peace ;
 We trust the war of nations
 Will soon forever cease,
 And that the " Bear " of Russia
 Will always suck his paw,
 No Christmas TURKEY will he have
 To grease his Russian jaw.

In France there's many a rebel,
 In England there's the same,
 If they'd uphold the nation's rights,
 There'd be no rebel name.
 Old Ireland's still united,
 And the same will ever be,
 There's strength and wealth, and sweet content.
 Where there is unity.

Now, patrons of the " STANDARD " true,
 I come without a fear,
 To tell you all, both great and small,
 This is another year.
 To some it may great trouble bring,—
 To some great grief or joy,
 But you must take them rough or smooth,
 As does the printer's boy.

Pictou, Jany. 1st, 1888.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD ?

These lines are not mine, but I publish them here because I have written an answer.

I would ask of you, my darling,
 A question soft and low,
 That gives me many a heartache
 As the moments come and go.
 Your love, I know, is truthful,
 But the truest love grows cold ;
 It is only this, my darling,
 That you'll love me when I am old.

CHORUS:—Life's morn will soon be waning,
 And its evening bells be tolled ;
 But my heart shall know no sadness
 If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of time together
 We are sailing side by side,
 Hoping some bright day to anchor
 Safe beyond the surging tide ;
 To-day our sky is cloudless,
 But the night may clouds unfold,
 And its storms may gather round us,
 Will you love me when I'm old ?

CHORUS:—

When my hair shall shame the snow-drift,
 And my eyes shall dimmer grow,
 I would lean upon some loved one
 In the valley as I go ;
 I would claim of you a promise
 Worth to me a world of gold,
 It is only this, my darling,
 That you'll love me when I'm old.

CHORUS:—

ANSWER TO "WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN
I'M OLD."

Oft you asked of me a promise,
And the same I gave to you,
Which filled my heart with gladness,
As are flowers filled with dew ;
But God it pleased to call me,
And take me to his fold,
Yet your children will be with you
To love you when you're old.

CHORUS:—Now, I can't fulfil my promise,
Tho' the world to you is cold,
But I hope to meet you, darling,
Where I'll love you as of old.

How ardently I loved you
For one-and-twenty years,
Our home was like a heaven,
Without strife or bitter tears ;
But the hand of death came o'er me,
And I'm in the grave now cold,
But I hope to meet you, darling,
Where I'll love you as of old.

I little thought, my darling,
When I became your bride,
That I thus soon should leave you
Alone to stem the tide ;
But I hope that God will guide you,
And take you to His fold,
With him to dwell forever,
And with me, too, as of old.

LINES ON MRS. MURDOCH.

The following lines were written shortly after my wife died. Being alone in my house I took my pen in hand, and in a very short time committed them to paper, after which I felt great relief.

What a world of sin and sorrow !
Sift it through as best you can,
Naught but trouble and contention
For the poor and sinful man ;
Life to many is a burden,
And it's truth I now declare,
Few have felt it more severely,
I have got a double share.

She was loved by all who knew her,
For her kind and loving heart,
CHARITY her standard-bearer,
Oft she played the Christian's part.
Troubles, when they gathered round her,
Dark and heavy as they lay,
She would raise her eyes to heaven,
And to God she'd kneel and pray.

In her troubles to assist her,—
And her prayer was not in vain ;—
Hear her joyous exclamation,
" God has answered me again."
Quick he'd ease her of her trouble,
When her heart was sore with grief,
For she knew that He would help her—
He alone could bring relief.

Pictou, Nov. 9th, 1881.

CHARMING MARY A—.

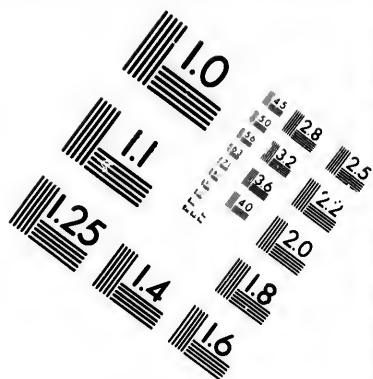
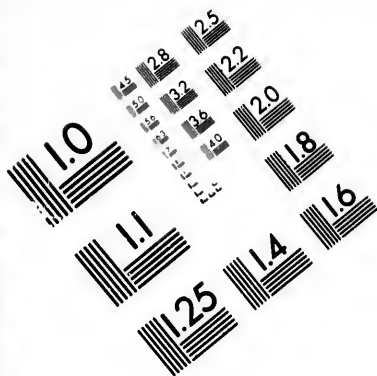
The following verses are on a young lady of Pictou Town, whom the author had met on several occasions, but, until a short time before he wrote them, he did not know who she was.

Ye sons of men ! Oh, slight her not,
 Though she is not of high degree,
 Within herself a treasure lies—
 Untarnished, pure, virginity ;
 No empty pride, delusions vain,
 Has she, this happy, charming maid ;
 Too noble she for actions low,
 She labors for her daily bread.

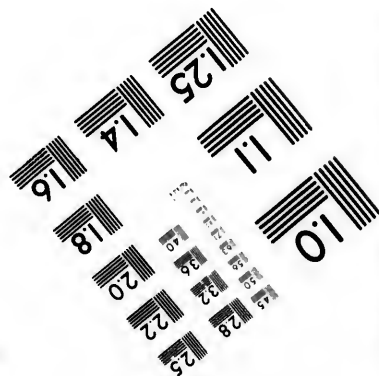
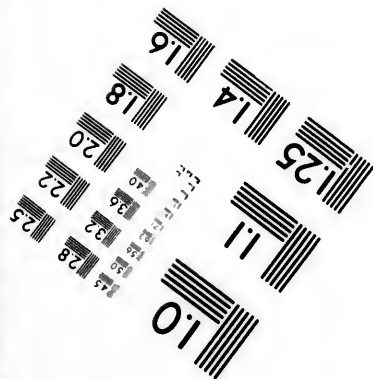
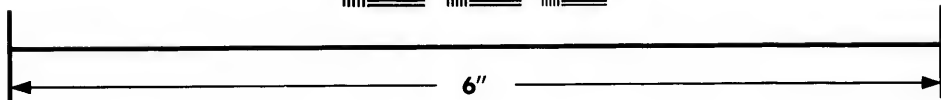
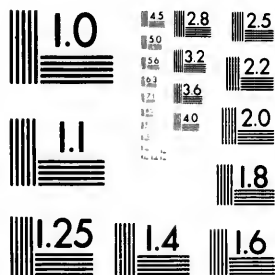
She dreads not honest toil each day,
 But works with energy and skill ;
 There's few, if one at all, I know,
 Who could the same position fill ;
 It matters not when her you meet,
 No change at all is to be seen,
 Naught but that calm, angelic smile,
 So sweet, so kind, so pure, serene.

The rose may in its splendor bloom,
 The lily white with her can't vie,
 The honeysuckle's running vines—
 They droop their heads as she'll pass by ;
 The purple finch that sings so sweet,
 In silence wants to see her pass,
 The bobolink in silence soars
 In honor of this bonny lass.

May summer winds blow pure and fresh
 To give her health and sweet content,
 May storms of winter ever cease
 Their chilling blasts with ill intent ;
 The man who may enjoy her love,
 And join her as his prize for life,
 I doubt not but with truth he'll say,
 "I've got a kind and loving wife."



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And that he knew for many years
Before he ventured to propose,
But when that word was softly said,
Her blush surpassed the fairest rose.
On earth I wish her sweet content,
All joy this world can to her give,
And when she leaves all here below,
With God she may forever live.

Pictou, July 2nd, 1890.

PICTOU COUNTY EXHIBITION,

TO BE HELD OCTOBER 7TH, 8TH AND 9TH, 1890.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer's life in every clime
Has been the foe of sin and crime,
His earnest toils have nurtured health,
And shamed the vanity of wealth :
And formed with their industrious band,
The strength and glory of a land.
The hope and stay of a farmer's life,
Depends, no doubt, much on his wife.

The farmer who in years of old,
From shop to house his produce sold,
Well ripened fruits and sheaves of gold,
With other produce oft untold,
Seemed to us children of the town
A trifle coarse and wondrous brown.
We wondered how his ample hand
Became so hardened and so tanned,

And thought his ponderous shoes would ill
 Best the light heeled dancer's skill ;
 But they who do but once him try
 Find in him hospitality ;
 His honesty without a flaw,
 With love of liberty and law ;
 Would find, however hid from view,
 The honest farmer, just and true.

He need not mark with scanning eye
 The changing markets' usury—
 Nor has he need to watch or wail
 The lightness of the baker's scale ;
 His own sweet loaves from oven's maw
 Shall careful wife or daughter draw,
 Well pleased the household bread to see,
 Crowned by their active mini-try.

His fields of grain that richly grow,
 He in his barn with care does stow ;
 His lowing herds that freely pour
 The creamy nectar's balmy store,—
 The good old hen has often blest
 With snow white treasures of her nest,
 The busy bee in cone-like bower
 Stores honied essence of the flower.

The garden roots that bide their time,
 The fruits that fall, the vines that climb,
 Abundant luxuries supply,
 With which the art of cooks can't vie ;
 With their accomplished art and fame,
 Perhaps they scorn, but cannot blame,
 The farmer and his generous heart,
 Who nobly do perform their part.

Hurrah for the field of blossom blue
 And lustrous leaf all wet with dew,
 Its fibrous stem the wheel shall stir
 When woven by thrifty cottager ;

Hurrah for the flock of wandering sheep,
In pastures green they graze and sleep,
The tangled fleece by woman's care
Changed quickly for her household wear.

The wife from loom and distaff drew
Her web of cloth of different due,
With strength to bear and will to do
Her other labors will pursue ;
The arm that in the dairy wrought,
Gained muscle firm, and strength it sought,
With buxom health and cheerful thought,
The gift that gold has never bought.

And well such useful labors cheer,
While sweet content is planted here,
Inspired with vigor that sustains
The sturdy nerves and flowing veins ;
Sends to the cheek a healthful glow
With health as pure as driven snow,
A blessing that is truly given
By God himself, who reigns in heaven.

Picton, October 3rd, 1890.

TOASTS, EPIGRAMS, ETC.

TOASTS.

1.

The following toast was, as far as I can recollect, given in the St. Lawrence Hotel. John Davies was proprietor at the time, I think. It was previous to an election, Mr. H—— being the candidate. We engaged in a short conversation, and in a social way I asked him to give me a toast on the present company, and insult no person. There being a doctor present, who came in with Mr. H——, whom I did not know, Mr. H—— remarked that he could not, when I gave the following:—

Here we are, all together,
Birds of a flock, but not o' feather;
Lawyers, doctors, rogues and printers,
A jolly lot of evil thinkers.

2.

The following toast was given to Mr. J. D. M., lawyer, who, on several occasions, had taunted the author. It was given in 1874:

Lawyer John, pray hand your tongue,
And tend your clients' schemes,
And tend on Maggie's natural wants,
And bless her wi' some "weans."

3.

Given to P. M. in the "Revere House," he having asked me to give him a toast.

Here's to the company present,
Likewise to me and you;
I was born in Fictou Town,
And you in Cariboo.

4.

Given to a Scotch tinker by the name of Williamson, when taking a drink with him; he refused to drink, if I would not give him a toast. The following was given in 1873:

Gie me your hand, my trusty frien',
Ye ken we are a' evil thinkers,
Here's tae yersel', th' auld wife as weel,
An' th' bairns, ye auld travellin' tinker.

5.

Given to Mr. C. L., in the store of Mr. M—— M——. Being in company with a few friends, there one evening, C. bet the drinks for the company I could not compose a toast which would cause him to treat. I asked C. if he would also bet five dollars and the drinks, which he declined, when I gave him the following:—

You asked me to-night for a toast,
At present I'm not in good cheer,
I could give you a toast if I liked,
But I think there are too many here.
Glances are cast at myself,
Two for the one are on Charley,
Because he has plenty of cash,
To pay for the juice of the "Barley."

6

To Mrs. R. C., on hearing that she said Robert Burns was a dirty little pup:

You had a book of choicest poems,
And choice they are, indeed,
To folk wha hao intelligence
And can a' o' them read,
But folk like you wha's ignorant
And can na' read them "up,"
That is the reason you called Burns
A dirty little pup.

7.

Given to Mr. R— D——, ex-M. P. P., at his residence on a New Year's night, but in what year I do not remember.

Here's to ye, Robert,
 And your twa brithers,
 Likewise the bairns,
 And auld grandmither,
 And last, not least,
 Auld Auntie Christy,
 Who brought me water
 When I was thirsty.

EPIGRAMS.

1.

The following was given shortly after one of my poems was written, and was being read to Kenneth Henderson. The author venturing to say that he believed he could imitate Burns to a certain extent, a man from Cape Breton was observed to wink at "Kenny."

Ye did'na think I saw ye wink,
 It was'na you befittin';
 I ken as weel as ye dae yersel'
 Ye're aw Gaelic frae Cape Breton.

2

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

The following was given at the table of Mr. Michael McGuire, 4 Mile Brook, in the year 1878. He was having a drain dug on his farm, and before dinner he asked me if I would be kind enough to return thanks when dinner was over, when I gave the following without a second thought:—

O Lord, with mercy look on this assembled throng,
 Imbued with love and nature's social song,
 From intemperance may we long refrain,
 Especially to-day while digging Michael's drain;
 But may we take to-day what nature doth require,
 To help along the drain, and also Mike McGuire.

3

THE BARREN WIFE.

The following was given somewhere in the country, but where I at present cannot tell. However, in whose house I was, there happened to be a woman who had not been blessed with children, and she was continually finding fault with those who were blessed with them. Before I left I gave her the following :—

Guid Lord, protect our sinfu' lives,
 And keep us a' frae barren wives,
 A' Crown heads make this exclamation,
 "Sic' wives will never make a nation ;"
 But a' men want a thrifty wife
 Tae love and honor a' their life,
 A bonnie lassie in her teens
 Tae bless his home wi' bonny weans

4

To M—— A——.

You are a young and handsome lass,
 In truth it's well I know it,
 You nothing have to dread or fear
 From Pictou's Local Poet.
 I'd scorn to say a word unkind
 Much less to hear the same,
 The man I would forever scorn
 Who would defame your name.

SONGS, BALLADS, MEMORIAL PIECES, &C.

THE PICTOU RAILWAY.

AIR—" *Root Hog or Die.*"

Now, what I'm going to sing about,—
You know there's been much prate
About the Pictou Railway Branch,
And the new formed Syndicate.
But the railway you will get it,
You need not grieve or sigh,
You'll hear the iron horses shout—
Root Hog or Die.

Chorus :—So let us pull together,
And help the road along ;
Join in the chorus,
Help me sing the song ;
Join in the chorus,
Raise your voices high,
We're sure to get the Pictou Branch :
Root Hog or Die.

Chorus :—So let us, etc.

You know our Local Leader,
He made a telling speech,
And told you that the Pictou Branch
Is now within your reach ;
And as the cost of building
Won't cause a tear or sigh,
The *Ferry Interest* pays it all :
Root Hog or Die.

Chorus :—So let us, etc.

You know who's hearts are breaking,
 And cannot hold *their* gob,
 About the Railway Syndicate
 And the Local Railway job ;
 With arguments they'll meet you,
 They'll drop a tear and sigh,
 Gnash their teeth and Tupper curse,
 With Root Hog or Die.

Chorus :—So let us, etc.

'Twould be well they had a leader
 Like honest Charles T.,
 Who's blest for his honor
 By *them*, and you and me ;
 And every strong Tea-Drinker
 Who used to grieve and sigh
 Will bless him for the *cheap* Oolong,
 Young Hyson and Shanghai.

Chorus :—So let us, etc.

Look at our Cotton Factories
 And Woollen Mills, likewise,
 And Pictou's Coal Industries,
 It does them sore surprise ;
 And every one who lives by them
 Does not now grieve or sigh,
 As once he did when "SANDY" ruled,
 Root Hog or Die.

Pictou, June 21st, 1882.

BLAKE'S TRAVEL TO JORDAN.

AIR :—"Jordan is a hard road to travel."

Now, the time is drawing nigh
 When the Grits will heave a sigh,
 And many will they heave accordin' ;

But the Government is strong,
And I'll show it by my song,
That Ottawa is further off than Jordan.

CHORUS:—Then take off your coat, Grit,
And roll up your sleeves,
Jordan is a hard road to travel;
Take off your coats Grits, and roll up
your sleeves,
Ottawa is further off than Jordan, I
believe.

Now Jordan's further off,
So the Grits may howl and quaff,
Ontario is her ballots now recordin';
And when returns are made,
They will hear with sorrow said,
That Blake is on the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS:—Then take, etc.

From here to Ottawa
Is six hundred miles and more,
That's true by the chart accordin';
It's a much rougher road,
Though nearer his abode,
And more wearisome for Blake than Jordan.

CHORUS:—Then take, etc.

Jordan River, just from here,
Is six thousand miles and more,
That's true by the chart accordin';
But the difference of some miles
Will cause him tears, not smiles,
When he goes to visit Riel over Jordan.

When Blake he takes the road
To find his new abode,
Prayers will be offered up accordin',

To join a Rebel race
 And take Osman Digna's place,
 As a leader of Rebels over Jordan.

Chorus :—Then take, etc.

The Grits now have small hope
 The Government to gain,
 And to them it's very plain accordin',
 So as Riel he stretched the rope,
 Blake can take with him soft soap,
 To cleanse him from his sins at Jordan.

Chorus :—Then take, etc.

THE PICTOU RAILWAY.

AIR—“*The Alderman.*”

Shure I'll tell you of a meeting, boys,
 I lately was at,
 Where every Grit and *Tory true*
 Sat down and doffed his hat,
 With ease and great composure, *boys*,
 As in his own abode,
 To hear from John and Charlie T.
 News of the Pictou Road.

Chorus :

Then devil a fear, be of good cheer,
 You'll hear the whistle blow,
 And you'll see that Pictou's members, boys,
 In her interests are not slow;
 Shure the whistle will blow, and the cars move on,
 And the Grits will wink their eyes
 And sadly say in great dismay,
 This is a sore surprise.

Then don't you be astonished, boys,
 If you hear the whistle blow,
 In politics they may be young,
 But our members are not slow ;
 They are not slow in knowledge, boys,
 Grit lies they oft explode,
 And never a fear, be of good cheer,
 We'll get the Pictou Road.

Chorus :

The subsidies by government
 There will never a cent be paid,
 Tho' Col. Snow to make a show
 He has some sleepers laid,
 And long they have been sleeping, boys,
 Troth I think they'll never wake,
 If the Grits do get in power
 With Premier Edward Blake.

Chorus :

Shure I'll tell you, old Carmichael,
 Every chance he had,
 He told the country far and near
 Our members must be mad
 To talk about the Short Line Road
 That was only half surveyed,
 With navvies and chainmen, far and near,
 Not a dollar would ever be paid.

Chorus :

But now I'm sure they'll change their tune,
 And with shame have less to say,
 When they'll see the work begin again
 And the men get their just pay.
 Sure the wives of the men that worked on the road
 With each other will shake their hands,
 And say with glee " did you ever see
 Such an HONEST POLITICAL BAND."

Pictou, Aug. 25th, 1885.

The following lines were written some time after Peter Carroll was appointed police constable. There were at the time two females whose character was considered of bad repute, and the night on which they were arrested for being out late, they both had a small twig of spruce, which they flourished as they walked along the street. If they had any friends,—and no doubt they had many,—but when required to lend a helping hand in the time of need, they all showed the “white feather,” and declined to come to the rescue. However, if I remember right, they were released with a small fine.

PATROL GUARD.

AIR:—“*Paddy's Wedding, O.*”

One summer night the moon shone bright,
 All nature seemed quite gaily, O,
 When a volunteer crew appeared in view
 All armed with a big shillelah, O.
 The captain stout would glance about,
 And step off light and aisy, O;
 His soldierly step it's well he kept
 When he flourished his big shillelah, O.
 CHORUS:—So up and down, all through the town,
 In rank and file so aisy, O;
 The captain stout wheeled right about,
 And spied Rubeen and Susie, O.

Don't stand at aise, me men, if you plaze,
 But move along quite slowly, O,
 And perhaps we'll see what ought'nt to be,
 Girls armed with a sprig of shillelah, O.
 And sure if we do, I'll scatter a few,
 And send them home quite early, O,
 To Baxter's Brig, to dance a jig.
 If the county should pay for it dearly, O.
 CHORUS:—So up and down, etc.

Shure d'ivil a hair myself does care,
 If matters go foul or fairly, O,
 I'm backed by the law, it's here in my paw,
 A murderin' big shillelah, O.
 By jabers, what sport we'll all have in Court
 When I give my evidence clearly, O,
 'Gainst Suse and Rubeen; twas plain to be seen,
 Were armed with a sprig of shillelah, O.
 CHORUS:—So up and down, etc.

Charge, to the charge, the foe's not large
 We'll take them nate and aisy, O,
 And let them see it's you and me
 Who can flourish the big shillelah, O.
 The charge was made like the Light Brigade,
 Such valor was seen but rarely, O,
 Rubeen got sick at the sight of the stick,
 The captain called his shillelah, O.
 CHORUS :—So up and down, etc.

Away Suse flew and the captain too,
 Such racing was seen but rarely, O,
 John Gilpin might stare, if he was there,
 At captain, Suse, and shillelah, O.
 CHORUS :—So up and down all through the town,
 In rank and file so aisy, O,
 The captain stout wheeled right about,
 And spied Rubeen and Susie, O.

THE BRANCH RAILWAY.

NEW GLASGOW'S LAMENT.

AIR :—“ *Price of my Pig.*”

'Twas early one morning myself took a ramble
 To view our fine harbour and get the fresh air,
 When lo! and behold, I spied two weary fellows,
 Who looked to be rather much worse of the wear.
 I boldly approached, and thus I addressed them,
 Saying, “What is the matter and where's your abode?”
 But the only reply I could get from the fellow
 Was Branch, Rails, and Sleepers, and Pictou Railroad.

“Is that all the cause of your grieving my neighbor?
 If so, I am sure you will soon get relief;
 As my time is quite precious, pray do not detain me,
 I'll try and explain it in words that are brief.”

With amazement and horror he stood still and stared me,
 Like one just awoke from a long midnight dream,
 His face shone as bright as the moon when unclouded,
 He says, "You must have a most wonderful theme."

"My theme it is plain and wants small explanation,
 Our town has been moving on wheels that are slow;
 While our selfish neighbours right over the water
 Have got all the grease on *their* wheels, you well know,
 So now take a glance right over the water,
 The bridge will be built when the ice becomes thick."
 When I mentioned the bridge, he said to his neighbour,
 "O! where is a doctor? I feel very sick!"

Then up steps the other, a dandy young fellow;
 "What story is this you've been telling my friend,
 "My heart it was grieved and sore overburdened,
 "That was the reason no ear could I lend."
 "If you want to know the trouble, my neighbour,
 Your brains are all crooked like a badly ploughed ridge,
 And your nerves are all shaken, if I'm not mistaken,
 Its the building, you know, of the Railway Branch Bridge."

With his eyes then wide open, but not a word spoken,
 He cried, till I thought he would get a sore throat;
 With trembling and fear he dropped many a tear,
 But he wiped them quite dry with the tail of his coat.
 "Now return back to Athens and try and have patience,
 The world you must know was not built in a day;
 Though you are no stranger, remember the manger,
 The stable, the ox, the dog, and the hay."

Pictou, January 15th, 1886.

NO REPEAL.

AIR:—"*Prince of Wales March.*"

Now, let us all be wise,
 And no voter in disguise,
 Like Rebel, Grit, and Rielite, impure;

But like Britons true and free
 We will stand for unity,
 And forever drive the rebel from the door.
Chorus:—Then like brothers let us stand,
 A true and loyal band,
 To fight for what is honest, just, and true:
 And show the Rebel Grits,
 That we mean to give them fits,
 If still their work as Rebels they pursue.

Their constant cry's "Repeal,"
 From a union that all feel
 Is a blessing, not a curse, upon our land;
 And that they know quite well,
 If they the truth would tell,
 And they know they've not a leg on which to stand.

Chorus:—Then, like brothers, etc.
 This free and happy land
 They would sell to uncle Sam;
 It is blessed with all that nature can bestow,
 But when they try to sell,
 Strong powder they will smell,
 And they'll hear some British bullets whizzing
 "No."

Chorus:—Then, like brothers, etc.
 They have tried another game,
 Like Repeal it's much the same;
 Free Trade is what they want with Uncle Sam.
 But the pay we'd get for that
 Would never make us fat—
 Plenty wooden nutmege and choice oaken hams.

Chorus:—Then, like brothers, etc.
 It's well they know and feel
 They can never get Repeal;
 It's a dodge to blind unwary and unwise,
 They can labor, they can grind,
 Till Old Nick himself goes blind—
 But we have'nt heard as yet he's got sore eyes.

Pictou, Nov. 17th, 1886.

PICTOU TOWN BRANCH RAILWAY.

OPENED NOVEMBER 28TH, 1887.

AIR :—" *Root, Hog, or Die.*"

Now listen to these verses,
 I will not keep you long ;
 You may be many miles from home,
 Don't weary of my song.—
 Don't you get weak or weary,
 Don't drop a tear or sigh,
 Driving on the PICTOU BRANCH,
 Root hog or die.

Chorus,—

Long we pulled together,
 We got the Road at last ;
 We'll thank our Honest Members,
 For the words they passed,—
 They passed them with sincerity,
 They did not grieve or sigh,
 They knew we'd get the Pictou Branch,
 Root hog or die.

You heard the whistle blowing,
 And the cars took you along,
 All the way from WESTVILLE,
 To hear me sing this song ;
 And some, no doubt from Glasgow,
 And STELLARTON likewise,
 To show you all, both great and small,
 Our Members tell no lies.

Some said, and with derision,
 We'd never get the road,
 " New Glasgow " it stood foremost,
 And its wrathful envy showed,
 But STELLARTON and WESTVILLE,
 Did not grieve or sigh,
 They knew we'd get the Pictou Branch,
 Root hog or die.

Then Hogan, ever praise him ;
 He's an Irishman no doubt,
 The same is stamped upon his face,
 Then for him let us shout:
 He has the push and energy,
 He did not weep or sigh,
 As did old Cooke and Colonel Snow,
 Who let the RAILROAD DIE.

Assist now one another,
 With love and unity,
 The PICTOU BRANCH is now complete,
 As Grits and Tories see :
 So let us be united,
 And join without a sigh,
 We've got the Pictou Branch at last,
 Root hog or die.

OUR BELOVED CANADA.

TUNE :— "*Kathleen Mavourneen.*"

Canada ! Canada ! I'll ever love thee,
 Home of my forefathers ! land of the brave !
 • Wherever dwell all in peace and contentment,
 Land of the freeman ! no home of the slave !

Chorus :— Unfurl our flag to the free breeze of heaven,
 Long may it float over our land and sea,
 Peace and good will to every nation,
 That is our watchword, no better could be.

How my heart loves thee, land of my childhood !
 Where grow the spruce and the wide-spreading pine ;
 The birch and the ash, the hawthorn and maple ;
 Oft under their branches I loved to recline.

The loved land where sons of rose, shamrock and thistle,
 The emblems of purity, peace and good will
 In the heart of each one, the same long existed,
 And longer and longer all trust that it will.

No patriot he who's forever despising—
 The land of his birth, the home he loves dear,
 Where God in His mercy has graciously blessed him,
 Such base vilifiers are not wanted here.

No patriot he who belittles his country,
 The land of his birth, the home he should love,
 Where contentment and peace are plenteously lavished,
 By God in His mercy from heaven above.

Far better for him the dark clouds dispelling,
 And constantly striving, the mists clear away,
 Wherever before him he sees naught but trouble,
 He should from that country get far, far away.

A true patriot ever is always contented,
 His hopes are elated, he's nothing to fear,
 The hand of true friendship to all is extended,
 For his Queen and his country he's always a cheer.

Long live the leader of this great Dominion !
 From ocean to ocean to-day does expand.
 May God in His mercy forever protect him,
 Our honored, respected, the valiant "OLD MAN."
 Pictou, N. S., Dec, 28, 1889.

DEFEAT O' THE DEIL.

TUNE: — "*Come Under My Plaidie.*"

I'm na sad nor weary, nor dae I feel dreary,
 For I hae reformed frae what I once was,
 A chiel o' the deil, ye a' ken it weel,
 Its little I cared aboot church, man, or laws ;
 Ane ee' I keep't winkin', the ither a' blinkin',
 In hopes I micht aft meet a frien' tae mysel',
 Wi' carousin' an' drinkin', an' a' evil thinkin',
 Wi' deevils much greater, ye a' ken them weel.

Cho.—Gae awa now, auld deevil, awa, gae awa,
 Wi' me, I'm determined ye'll ne'er get a shaw,
 I lang hae repented, an' glad I've relented,
 My heart that was black, is noo whiter than snaw;
 Hoo often ye tauld me, that ye wad uphauld me,
 If never I should frae ye're fauld stray awa,
 But the Laird, be Him thanket, He tauld me tae shank
 it.
 And noo He has washed me far whiter than snaw.

The deil, he then looked quite dumbfounded ava,
 He did'na ken what tae say or do a',
 His baith ee'n kept winkin', nae doot he was thiukin',
 Of a' the grand things that he had me to shaw;
 This warld and its pleasure, wi' gold wi'oot measure,
 And dressed in great grandeur frae tap tae the tae,
 He'd please my desire wi' a' I'd require,
 If I wad consent wi' him ever tae stay,

Nae, nae. Maister deil, I cadna conceal,
 The truth, I maun tell ye, it's here i' me craw,
 Frae this day an' ever, I mean for tae sever,
 A' contracts an' bonds, noo forever ava.
 The truth, ye weel ken it, an' aften ye tauld it,
 I was a guid servant, ye did me weel feed,
 But thanks tae the Lord, my saul's on record,
 It's signed and weel sealed, and He's got the deed.

The deil, he then thocht, and he pondered awhile,
 I' my face he then looket, but ne'er saw a smile,
 He swore i' his fury, he wad ca' a jury,
 Tae prove that I was'na still his ain child;
 I tauld him maist clearly, and also sincerely,
 And solemnly vowed it was'na a joke,
 Wi' tremblin' an' fear, as tae me did appear,
 Wi' twa flaps o' his wing, he then vanished in smoke.

Pictou, N. S., Jan. 6, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

Oh! where was the friend to me that was dearer,
Then her who nursed me in my infancy days?
Who patiently tended, with love did caress me,
None but my mother who's now in her grave.
Her love was unbounded and plenteously lavished,
An endless supply she'd always in store,
When troubles surrounded her, fast, thick and often,
She longed that she might bestow more and more.

How often I think, since the days of my childhood,
What trouble and sorrow for me she endured;
No murmurs of sorrow did she ever utter,
Her words to me were with pure love imbued.
In sickness or health she'd constantly tend me,
Of numerous troubles she had her own share,
But the love of her children was firmly implanted,
With God to assist her she'd never despair.

How fresh in my mind is the scene of her death-bed,
When kindred and friends were all standing near,
Of four loving sons myself being the youngest,
A sister, an infant we all love so dear.
I mention four brothers, but three then were present,
Her fondest, her loved one, was far, far away;
We knew by her looks that on him she was thinking,
Her Richard, her darling, her hope and her stay.

But God had so wished it that he should be absent,
That he might be spared her trouble to see;
What a blessing it is that God so decreed it,
That we all our troubles should never foresee.
How little we value the love of our mother,
While she upon us bestows a full share,
There's nothing on earth like the love of a mother,
But heaven alone to it can compare.

Both are now free from all earthly trouble,
 And dwelling with God in heaven above,
 Where all's peace and joy, love and contentment,
 For God, we all know, is a true God of love.
 The time is fast coming when I hope to join them,
 I trust I'll be ready and fully prepared,
 When God, He shall call me, I know I shall hear Him,
 "Come enter this mansion, of it take a share."
 Pictou, March 2nd, 1890.

JESUS,—THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

TUNE :—“ *The Beautiful Gates Ajar.* ”

I see a bright light now before me,
 In lustre it shines most clear,
 Methinks it's an angel from heaven,
 With comfort for sinners here.
 I well know I am not mistaken,
 Though the light on me shines afar,
 It's Jesus my Saviour in heaven
 And He's holding the gates ajar.
Chorus :—Come to Him, sinner, He begs you ;
 Oh ! why do you stand afar ?
 Salvation He offers you freely,
 While He holds the gates ajar.

Christ's love for the meek and the lowly
 Forever was pure and true,
 The same He now offers from heaven
 For sinners like me and you ;—
 A free never-ending Salvation
 Is now what He says will be given,
 To every penitent sinner
 Who is longing to dwell in heaven.
Chorus :—Come to him, etc.

There's none knows the beauty of heaven
 But those who are now living there,
 The meek and the lowly in spirit
 Forever enjoying a share.
 Where there is no weeping or wailing,
 For that Saviour is never afar,
 I know Him my Jesus of Nazareth,
 Who is holding the gates ajar.

Chorus :—Come to Him, etc.

Think of His love for poor Lazarus,
 Who was humble and weak and sore,
 But yet, with his sorrow and trouble,
 His God he did always adore ;
 He knew that his Jesus had mercy,
 And the same He had often given,
 He prayed that the Saviour would take him
 To dwell with Him ever in heaven.

Chorus :—Come to Him, etc.

The same He now offers all sinners,
 Oh ! why keep refusing the same ?
 If you do not get full Salvation,
 You never your Saviour can blame ;
 For He offers the same to you freely,
 And beckons to you from afar,
 Then come to Him humbly, I beg you,
 While He's holding the gates ajar.

Pictou, N. S., Oct. 20th, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following lines were written on OWEN CRERAR, son of Capt. David Crerar, who was accidentally drowned from his father's barque *Wolfe* on the 25th Dec., 1886, off Sandy Hook, when leaving for a voyage to South America.

OWEN CRERAR.

Dear mother, weep no more for me,
 My body rolls amidst the deep,
 My soul's at rest with Christ above,
 And Him, He safely will it keep.

When last we parted, mother dear,
 You fondly pressed me to your breast;
 Now, I am in the arms of CHRIST,
 Forever to remain at rest.

And when the trumpet's final blast,
 Shall loudly sweep o'er sea and land,
 I hope you may be all prepared
 Before your God to take a stand.
 Pure, undefiled, as angels there,
 And dressed as lilies, pure and white;
 If so, you will be God's elect,
 To sing his praise both day and night.

How oft the sinner says "too late,"
 Why did I not improve my time,
 And take the blessing freely given
 That lasts for never-ending time?
 The "Bible" that you gave to me
 I cherished it with miser care,
 And oft its leaves I did unfold
 That those with me might have a share,

Of words inspired by God Himself,
 Our FATHER and the sinner's friend,
 To all who will but lend an ear
 And strive His precepts to attend,
 Now cease thy grief, my mother dear,
 And let dear father do the same,
 And strive to walk in virtue's path
 That on your souls no sin may reign.

Bid brother and my sisters dear
 To fear the Lord both day and night,
 That when HE will them call away
 They may be as His angels bright.
 No more I'll say, my soul's at rest,
 With God who did it freely save,
 On earth I was a sinner born
 But CHRIST to me salvation gave.

Pictou, April 2nd, 1886.

JESUS BIDS ME COME.

Come to Jesus, sinners, why so long delay,
 When He calls you loudly, and shows to you the way?
 The way of true Salvation to you He offers free.
 Come to Him, then, quickly, that you may heaven see.
 Oh! what a gift is heaven, why won't you it partake,
 For Jesus died on Calvary, I know it, for my sake;
 And for you, weary sinner, He also died for you,
 Then come unto Him quickly, no longer sin pursue.

Chorus.

Hasten to Him, sinner, for He says to you,
 Give up all your evil ways, and righteousness pursue;
 Come to Him, he begs you: come, come away,
 Heaven's gates are open; Oh! why do you delay?

On the cross He suffered, with grief and pain severe,
 He did it for you, sinner, that death you need not fear;
 For He has gone before you a mansion to prepare,
 Then come, oh! come, He begs you, and freely take a share.
 Thus it is plainly written in His precious Book,
 He offers you Salvation if you will only look,
 A free and everlasting life, He asks no price or pay,
 Then come to Him he begs you, no longer now delay.

Chorus:—Hasten to Him, etc.

When you reach His kingdom, a home of rest and peace,
 Where all sin and sorrow will forever cease,
 And where Christ is waiting, with patience, hope, and love,
 To share with all the ransomed, a home in heaven above,
 Where you'll see your loved ones who have gone before,
 Dwelling safe in heaven, in peace for evermore,
 Safe in the arms of Jesus, who is the God of love,
 What a precious gift it is to dwell with Him above.

Chorus:—Hasten to Him, etc.

There is no place like heaven for beauty can compare,
 Not any sin or sorrow can ever enter there,
 Where all is joy and gladness, and peace forever dwells,
 Such is that home in heaven, the ransomed know it well.

And where we'll know each other as once we did on earth,
 Where sorrow never enters, nor hunger, pain or thirst,
 For Christ He is our Shepherd and He will freely share,
 If you will put your trust in Him, you never need despair.

Chorus:—Hasten to Him, etc.

Pictou, Nov. 5th, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO THE DEPARTED MOTHER.

How piercing blows the western wind!
 And once it blew its bitterest blast,
 To me I never shall forget—
 To me forever it shall last.

I'm like the bird who lost his mate,
 Who years before sang many a song,
 But by the sportsman's deadly aim
 I'm left to sing a mournful song.

Both night and day I sit and grieve
 There's naught but anguish in my heart,
 No pleasure doth this world afford
 Since Annie did from me depart.
 So pure, so kind, so undefiled,
 So loving to her children dear,
 They in their anguish feel her loss,
 But father feels it most severe.

How oft I think of years gone by,
 Which now makes me shed many a tear,
 Of all the pleasures we enjoyed,
 This one makes one-and-twenty years.
 In fifty-nine I wedded her,
 As pure as heavenly stars at night,
 But to the Lord it doth Him please
 To make another angel bright.

Pictou, Jan. 15th, 1880.

OUR OWN HEAVENLY HOME.

TUNE—*Our Own Little Home.*

Our time's fast fleeting here,
 Where with sorrow we shed tears,
 To think that we so long from Jesus roamed,
 If in Him we put our trust,
 Salvation, come it must,
 To guide us to our own heavenly home.

Chorus.—Our own heavenly home,
 Our own heavenly home,
 There's nothing like our own heavenly home;
 The sweetest smiles are there,
 It's crystal walls are fair,
 The blood of Christ for us doth atone.

When weary cares arise,
 We look toward the skies,
 We turn, bright heavenly home, unto thee;
 And though we feel depressed,
 Thy love can give us rest—
 From sin and sorrow ever set us free.

Chorus.—“Our own heavenly home,” etc.

'Tis only when afar,
 We see thy guiding star,
 The star that for us brightly shines above;
 So trust Him and you'll find
 To you He will prove kind,
 We truly know he is the God of love.

Chorus.—“Our own heavenly home,” etc.

His blessings ne'er decay,
 To dwell with Him you may,
 If you will only put your trust and see;
 The weary, wandering feet
 From sin will then retreat—
 His precious blood will ever set you free.

Chorus.—“Our own heavenly home,” etc.

Pictou, October 9th, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

To R. C. MURDOCH, BORN 16th JAN'Y, 1831; DIED JULY
27th, 1883; AGED 52 YEARS.

The following verses were written in commemoration of my brother's many virtues:

Sleep, brother sleep, take thy repose,
From earthly troubles you have fled,
Loved and respected while you lived,
On earth a righteous life you led.
Though deep you lie in clay that's cold,
Around you flowers bloom each year,
Planted, nourished, and protected,
Watered by your loved wife's tears.

Yes! you loved her and she loved you,
Few on earth could love the same,
If you had your faults, dear brother,
Many like you have the same.
She in life will not forget you,
And the same can now be seen,
For around the bed you 're resting,
There are flowers fresh and green.

Planted by her hands, dear brother,
If you could but see them there,
But you have a greater treasure,
Yes! it is the widow's prayer.
While you lived you ne'er forgot her,
When the wind was blowing cold.
And your acts of kindness for her,
To the world she's often told.

MY SAVIOUR IS WAITING FOR ME.

TUNE—"I'm Waiting for thee."

Not at all do I care what you're saying,
For this world it had once well known me,
A sinner fast going to perdition,
But Christ's blood has now set me free;

He has washed me and cleaned me, I know it,
 He has made me how pure, clean and white,
 To work for the cause of my Jesus,
 Forever will be my delight.

Chorus :—I'm waiting, yes waiting,
 I'm waiting, my Jesus, for Thee,
 I'm waiting, yes waiting,
 I well know you have set me free.—*Repeat.*

The scoffs of this world I'm enduring,
 For them I now but little care,
 For Jesus has plainly told me,
 A place in His kingdom I'll share;
 And His promise, I'm sure He will keep it,
 Just come to Him once, let Him try,
 How often He cries to the sinner,
 "Oh why, oh why will you die?"

Chorus :—"I'm waiting," etc.

What troubles, what trials, privations,
 He suffered on this earth for me,—
 My heart tells the same, I confess it,
 My soul's now from sin ever free;
 The same He now offers you freely,
 Then why do you here stand in doubt,
 Just come to Him humbly, I beg you,
 "In nowise will He cast you out."

Chorus :—"I'm waiting," etc.

To my Saviour I pray night and morning,
 And constantly all through the day,
 For the bright boon, I know it, SALVATION,
 I thank Him, He showed me the way;
 The path He now points out to sinners,
 The same, it is narrow and straight,
 And an angel stands waiting, I tell you,
 To open the Heavenly gate.

Chorus :—"I'm waiting," etc.

Pictou, Oct. 13, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF ALEX. PITTS, OF PICTOU, N. S.,

Who died at San Bernardino, Cal., on the 6th of June, 1888, aged 22 years.

Far from home I'm resting, mother,
In the cold and silent grave,
But I know the precious promise,
Jesus died my soul to save.
Yes! He died for me, dear mother,
As He also died for you,
It's for you to love your Saviour,
And His sacred laws pursue.

When upon my bed of sickness,
I did often think of home,
And the bright and happy faces
That around you now do mourn.
Yes! the home where I was happy.
And most ardently beloved,
As I am now with my Saviour,
In the glorious realms above.

When upon the bed of sickness
There were strangers standing near,
Who bestowed their acts of kindness,
And who often dropped a tear.
Oft I thought of you, dear mother,
And my father, far away,
When on me death's throes were creeping,
Which no power on earth could stay.

But my Saviour, He had spoken,
And to you, a sore decree,
That my home should be in heaven,
And on earth you'd ne'er me see.
Tell dear father cease his weeping,
Brothers, and my sisters dear,
Tell them all to pray to Jesus,
Nothing then they'll have to fear.

Oft I wished for home, dear mother,
 When death's clouds were growing dark,
 That your arms might be around me
 When I'd lose life's vital spark.
 But our Saviour, blessed Jesus,
 With my wish could not comply,
 Gently said to me, a sinner,
 "Come to me, you'll never die."

Yes! my soul is now with Jesus,
 Where God's chosen can be seen,
 Yes! with holy saints and angels,
 And our heavenly Virgin Queen.
 Where there's nought but joy and gladness,
 And where peace and love abound,
 Thanks to God, my mother darling,
 That your son the Saviour found.

Pictou, October 23rd, 1888.

WILL SHE COME BACK AGAIN?

Respectfully dedicated to Captain Larder, Salvation Army, Pictou.

TUNE.—"Our Own Heavenly Home."

With sorrow, now I sing,
 It makes my poor heart ring,
 And bitter tears it causes oft to flow;
 When I think of her so kind,
 Her equal hard to find,
 With grief her presence now we must forego.

Chorus :—And now to God the Father,
 And now to God the Son,
 And now to God the Holy, Holy Ghost,
 We earnestly do pray,
 To guide her night and day,
 He truly is to all the Lord of hosts.

With truth, I now declare,
 For me she sought a share,
 Of what our God so freely did bestow—
 His kind and lasting love,
 He sent from heaven above
 That sinners might unto Him freely go.

With prayer and earnest song,
 She night and all day long,
 Pled for sinners that were on the downward road,
 That they their God would seek,
 And His laws firmly keep,
 And heaven then would be their own abode.

There are many I see here,
 Who, no doubt, will drop a tear,
 For her, when she is from them far away—
 She begged them to refrain,
 From sin that did them stain,
 We trust to God we'll meet her here again.

Should God himself decree,
 That we should not her see,
 We trust a place in heaven she may share.
 Where with God himself she'll dwell,
 In heaven we know well,
 We hope and trust we all will meet her there.

 IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN DUNCAN McDONALD,
 Who died on the 21st Nov., 1898, aged 65 years.

Whene'er I think of years gone by,
 When you relieved my sore distress,
 When clouds of trouble gathered round,
 You gave me ease, you gave me rest:
 May God bestow the same on you
 As you the same bestowed on me,
 It was a Christian's noble act
 Which proved your Christian charity.

Now hollow blows the western wind,
 The faded leaves fall far and near,
 As do the tears of wife and child
 For you, the father they loved dear.
 Cease tears of weeping, now, I pray,
 And look to God who did us save,
 He sent a Saviour to this world
 That He might all our sins erase.

I may forget some kindly act
 That others on me did bestow,
 But in my memory none's so dear
 As yours to me long years ago.
 How oft in silence have I thought
 If ever I should see the day
 That God would kindly favor me,
 So that I might your acts repay.

You're resting in the silent grave,
 As others like you have before;
 Your soul's in heaven, I trust, with God,
 Whom you did worship and adore.
 No envy had you in your heart,
 Nor malice to your fellow man,
 The motto foremost in your mind
 "For all I'll do the best I can."

We all must take a long farewell
 Of relatives and friends most dear,
 And to the silent city go,
 Where we will shed no bitter tear.
 So let us all prepare ourselves,
 Before we hear the trumpet's blast,
 That when we knock at heaven's gate,
 We'll reach our final rest at last.

Pictou, Nov. 25th, 1888.

SHE HAS COME BACK AGAIN.

(Respectfully dedicated to Capt. Larder, S. A., Pietou.)

TUNE: " *Will you love me when I'm old.*"

With hard and steady labor,
 In the service of the Lord,
 She fought His battles bravely
 'Midst contention and discord ;
 But she ever felt undaunted,
 For her work was not in vain,
 And the question 's asked now often,
 " Will she soon come back again ? "

Chorus.—That's a question none can answer ;
 But we're hoping for the best,
 That we all again will see her
 When she gets much-needed rest.

Now, while she from us is absent,
 But yet not far away,
 To God who reigns in heaven
 We earnestly will pray,
 That He will guide and keep her,
 That her health she may regain,
 We trust our prayers He'll answer
 That we'll meet her here again.

What joyous, happy faces,
 Will meet her in the throng,
 With hearts o'erflowed with gladness,
 With prayer and sacred song ;
 To God who reigns in heaven,
 We did not pray in vain,
 For our request He granted,
 We *have* met her here again.

Pietou, Dec., 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL A. HENRY,

Who was drowned in endeavoring to befriend a young man in San Bernardino,
Cal., March 15th, 1889, aged 28 years.

In death's quiet sleep I'm resting
From earth's troubles and its care,
I, like many, Mother darling,
Had, I think, a double share.
In my youth I had no sorrow,
For your love took that from me,
And you did me fondly cherish
In my childish infancy.

When upon my journey, Father,
Often did I think of you,
And the precious words you taught me,
"Look to God, His ways pursue."
Yes! I did pursue them keenly,
And their impulse did I feel,
For they made me pray to Jesus
When upon my knees I'd kneel.

Little did I think, dear father,
When I parted from your love,
That I'd be so soon with Jesus
And His angels all above.
Yes! my soul is now with Jesus,
And it rests in quiet sleep,
Wipe your eyes, I beg you, father,
For me do not wail or weep.

One request I ask you, father,
'Tis my last wish, and sincere,
You will love and kindly tend her—
One I loved, my mother, dear.
When life's troubles gather round her
Be to her a shield of love,
As were those who walked with Jesus
Ere He went to reign above.

Little thought I, when I parted,
 That we'd never meet again,
 Not on earth, God so decreed it,
 But in heaven, there to remain.
 Yes! with all the holy angels
 In that heavenly spring above,
 Where I'll live with HER forever,
 And in God's eternal love.

My brother, now a long farewell,
 And to my sisters I loved dear,
 I bid you put your trust in God,
 When nothing will you have to fear.
 And to my friends a long farewell,
 I bid you all a warning take,
 Prepare your souls while you have time,
 That you may enter heaven's gate.

Pictou, May 7th, 1889.

WE'LL STRIVE TO MAKE CHRISTIANS OF THEM.

Ten brave men and boys, and our fond loving hearts
 Beat high in their joy and their pride,
 Ten perishing souls entrusted to us,
 That we them to Jesus might guide.
 Our duty it was to search well each mind,
 And study the black sin-stained heart,
 To show them the way of salvation so pure,
 That from Christ they should never depart.

We had thought of it long, and settled it was,
 That those sinners should Christians be,
 And our labors, you see, were not all in vain,
 We have proof, as you plainly can see.
 Our labor was hard, but murmured we not,
 We worked with untiring will,
 Christ kept urging us on to fight for His cause,
 So we fought and will fight for Him still.

Those ten have stepped forth from the sin-trodden path,
In the service of Jesus to toil,
In labors of love while salvation is sure,
And forever from sin to recoil.
'Twas a glorious work, and we grudged it not
For sinners in hour of need,
'Twas a glorious work for our Saviour on high,
So we trust you will wish us "God speed."

Like the wind it went on—'twas a goodly work,
And the ten never knew how we planned—
How we worked and prayed and struggled to save
The souls of this perishing land.
And oh! how we toiled with ceaseless tread,
Till each perishing soul should be won,
Undaunted we were as soldiers of Christ,
We vowed to be never outdone.

We earnestly prayed for those perishing souls,
That God in His mercy might share
A place in His kingdom, where dwell peace and love,
And none but God's chosen live there.
It was joy—it was joy to see them kneel down,
And pray with a pure, fervent heart,
That God in His mercy would guard them and keep
And never more from them depart.

Grand and brave deeds have these soldiers done
In the midst of great battles and strife.
Yet nothing more noble have I ever known
Than a God-fearing, Christian life.
But the work, it was done, may it ever last,
And firm stand the converted ten,
Who once were vile sinners dyed deep in sin,
But now they are Christian men.

So now they will travel the world's highway
As sinners they long had been dead,
But now they've awakened at the sound of Christ's call,
So the narrow and straight path they'll tread,

To work for the Saviour and for Him souls win,
 And tell of His mercy in store,
 The glory of heaven, the torment of hell,
 Either pleasure or pain to endure.

From that Book of Books, what lessons they'll learn
 Of what is so heavenly and pure,
 And cause them to toil for their Saviour above,
 And meekly privations endure.
 Deeply they'll learn of the meaning of life,
 And the beauties of heaven sublime,
 Where God and His angels in harmony dwell,
 A heavenly home most divine.

Pictou, Oct. 9th, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELLIE GORDON,

Who was accidentally killed by falling out of the back window of the house
 in which her parents lived at the time.

Now our darling, she has left us
 From this world of sin and pain,
 She has gone to dwell with Jesus,
 Never to return again.
 In that bright celestial city
 Where none grief or sorrow share,
 Where she'll ever dwell with Jesus,
 What to Him can you compare?

In the visions of the evening,
 When the leaves were hushed and still
 I heard a voice in whispers,
 Saying to me, "Peace, be still;"
 A bright vision came before me,
 And His face shone bright and clear,
 And those words were soft and soothing,
 "Ransomed, you have naught to fear."

"Nearer, mother dear, draw near me,
 Wipe the sweat drops from my brow,
 God is calling me from heaven,
 And to Him I meekly bow,
 Where with Him I'll dwell forever,
 And His praise sing night and day,
 Raise your hands in supplication
 And to Him in earnest pray,

That He'll ever safely guide you,
 That you will from sin refrain,
 So that when He's pleased to call you,
 We'll in heaven meet again,
 Where we'll never more be parted,
 And there is no sorrow there,
 It's a gift He freely offers,
 Mother, come and take a share."

As death's folds were clasped around her,
 And her lips moved fast in prayer,
 She showed she'd sweet contentment
 That she nothing had to fear,
 For she knew the precious promise
 That by God to her was given,
 To dwell with Him forever,
 As an angel bright in heaven.

Pictou, Feb. 1890.

THE ARMY ROLL CALL.

TUNE: "*Come back to Erin.*"

Attention, dear friends, to my glad tale and story,
 Me, that was long over-burdened with sin,
 But now I'm reformed with a sure hope of glory,
 Jesus, my Saviour, has taken me in.

In the ranks of His army I'll be a brave soldier,
 And under His banner, come what, I will try
 To rescue some soul from utter damnation,
 Hell and its torments I'll ever defy.

Chorus :—Come join the Army,
 The Army, the Army,
 Come join the Army,
 No more sin pursue,
 Come join the Army,
 The Army, the Army,
 Christ and Salvation
 Are waiting for you.

You read the sermon he preached on the mountain,
 That sinners might come and turn unto Him,
 He taught His disciples words most inspiring,
 That they should resist all temptations to sin.
 Thus spoke our Saviour when He sat on the mountain :
 Blessed are the pure in spirit, My kingdom they'll see,
 Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,
 Blessed are they that hunger, heaven they shall see.

Chorus :—Come join the Army, etc. °

Blessed are the merciful, they shall have mercy ;
 Blessed are the pure in heart, for God they shall see ;
 Blessed are the peacemakers, they are God's childrer ;
 Blessed are the persecuted, for they shall dwell with Me ;
 Blessed are you when men shall revile you,
 And shall persecute you, and all evil say ;
 Blessed are the meek, for the earth they'll inherit,
 And when God calls them, in heaven they'll be.

Chorus :—Come join the Army, etc.

Then why do you linger ? for what are you waiting ?
 Oh, why don't you join us ? no longer delay ;
 Jesus, you know, is constantly calling,
 ° And He is willing to show you the way.

Jesus, my Saviour, I'll ever love Thee,
 For through Thy blood sure ransomed I was,
 And in return I will ever serve Thee,
 And as a soldier I'll fight for the cause.

Chorus :—Come join the Army, etc.

Pictou, Dec. 20th, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL A. GILLIS,

Of Pictou, Nova Scotia, who died at Brooklyn, New York, on the 21st Feby.,
 1890, in the 25th year of his age.

No mother's voice was near to cheer,
 No mother's hand to cool his brow,
 As death's folds were round him creeping,
 He to his God did meekly bow.
 Oft he thought of home and loved ones,
 And of those to him most dear,
 Wishing they were standing near him,
 That they'd see he'd naught to fear.

Constant prayer to God his Father,
 That He would His mercy show,
 For he knew his days were numbered,
 And to meet his God must go.
 Yes! that prayer his Saviour heard it,
 And with it He did comply,
 "Come to ME, a mansion's waiting;
 Ransomed one, you'll never die."

Consolation to his mother,
 That of hope he'd ne'er despair,
 Often Jesus told him plainly,
 "Of my kingdom you shall share.
 Where you'll dwell with ME forever,
 And enjoy all peace and love,
 With your Saviour and His angels,
 In the glorious realms above."

Tell his mother who is mourning,
 That for him she need not fear,
 For his Saviour told him plainly,
 "Ransomed, be thou of good cheer."
 Tell his sisters cease their weeping,
 Constant pray to God above,
 He will hear their supplication,
 Truly he's a God of love.

Maggie, his kind, loving sister,
 She was there and did console,
 And another friend, divinely
 Helping to prepare his soul—
 Giving words of consolation,
 Both in prayer and sacred song,
 Bidding him to look to Jesus,
 Soon he'd join the heavenly throng.

Now, he's resting in the graveyard,
 There are loved ones lying there,
 Where bright flowers they are growing,
 Planted by his mother dear.
 Now to God who reigns in heaven,
 Mother, constant offer prayer;
 Trust Him; He will not deny you,
 That you may of heaven share.

Yes! that wish, I know He'll grant it,
 And He never will deny;
 Trust Him, mother, ever trust Him,
 While your Saviour He is nigh;
 For His promise He will keep it,
 If you only to Him look,
 Ever pray in earnest to Him.
 Thus it says, His Sacred Book.

In this world there's naught but trouble,
 Mother dear, you had your share,
 It's affliction God put on you,
 That you should your soul prepare.

It's a world of sin and trouble,
 Little need there is to borrow,
 For we are not our own keepers—
 Here to-day, away to-morrow.
 Pictou, March 11, 1890.

REGRET.

TUNE:—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

How oft through my mind are thoughts now fast fleeting
 Of how I illspent the best part of my days ;
 Of the cares of this world, of the future, ne'er thinking,
 That God had oft warned me to watch and to pray.

Chorus:—Think, sinner, think, how swift time is passing,
 Oh! why do you ponder? no longer delay,
 Christ, He is calling to share in His kingdom,
 He is willing and ready to show you the way.

Oh, had I again my life to live over,
 How different 'twould be from that of the past!
 My time would be spent in the service of Jesus,
 No cause then, as now, would I have to repent.

Chorus:—Think, sinner, etc.

A sure hope there is, my Saviour still liveth,
 For me and for you He has promised rest,
 A sure hope of peace and a bright crown of glory
 For those who dwell with Him in heaven are blest.

Chorus:—Think, sinner, etc.

When I am there I'll be free from all sorrow,
 The same He has promised and will not deny,
 For time's fleeting fast, don't wait till to-morrow,
 Oh come to Him now while mercy is nigh.

Chorus:—Think, sinner, etc.

Heaven's a home of the pure and the holy,
 There's none but the righteous that can enter there,
 Where angels and saints are dwelling in glory,
 Come while He calls you, and it freely share.

Chorus:—Think, sinner, etc.

Pictou, Dec. 21st, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN O'BRIEN,

Who died at Pictou, on Sabbath morning, July 11th. 1896, aged 40 years.
The deceased was a particular friend of the poet. He leaves a widow and four children to mourn their loss.

"What's this?" "It's death," the mother said,

"Your father lying cold as clay,

Who long protected you and me,

But now his soul is far away."

"How far, dear mother has he gone?"

"To heaven, I trust," was her reply,

"Where all will dwell in peace and love,

Where God's own chosen never die.—

"A home prepared by God Himself,

Where strife and trouble ever cease,

Where's naught but joy and happiness,

And where is never ending peace—

Where Christ Himself forever dwells,

Our Saviour and our loving friend,

A friend that never will forsake

If meekly on Him we attend.

"How oft, my child, I sit and think,

Since father's left our circle here,

That while he lived us to protect,

I nothing had to dread or fear;

His willing hand always outstretched

Our daily wants all to supply,

His loving words no more I hear,

No wonder oft I weep and sigh.

"Why should I weep, when God it pleased

To take him from this world of pain,

To dwell with Him in heavenly bliss?

I trust we all will meet again,

And never more to part—oh! no,—

But ever live in peace and love,

A home prepared by God Himself

For those who Him devoutly love.

Pictou, June, 1890.

THE RANSOMED SINNER.

TUNE:—"Down in the Garden."

Listen! who is that man calling?
 What a sweet and joyous sound!
 Yes! the words are plainly spoken,
 "Ransomed, you the Saviour found."

Chorus:—O, what a blessing!
 Jesus died for me,
 On the cruel Cross of Calvary,
 That I His blessed face might see.

Often Jesus He had called me,
 But His voice I would not hear,
 Now He says with loving kindness,
 "Ransomed, you have naught to fear."

Chorus:—Oh! what a blessing, etc.

Sin had long me overburdened,
 And my spirits it bore down,
 Now I'm ransomed by my Saviour,
 In heaven I will wear a crown.

Chorus:—Oh! what a blessing, etc.

Yes! a precious crown of glory,
 Jesus has in store for me,
 For He tells me, and I know it,
 I am now from sin set free.

Chorus:—Oh! what a blessing, etc.

If with trouble I'm surrounded,
 I with grief will not despair,
 For the Bible tells me plainly,
 Tell it to the Lord in prayer.

Chorus:—Oh! what a blessing, etc.

Fear not, ransomed, I am near you,
 In the calm and in the storm,
 I have promised to forgive you,
 If to Me you will conform.

Chorus:—Oh! what a blessing, etc.

Pictou, Feb. 26th, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY MCFARLANE, OF PICTOU ISLAND.

In the silent grave I'm resting,
Though to me it's dark and cold,
Where there's many lying near me,
Who will join the Shepherd's fold,
To reign with Him in heaven,
Freed forever from all strife,
To dwell in peace with Jesus,
And enjoy eternal life.

Long before death's pangs were creeping
On my withered form and brow,
Well I knew I would be kneeling,
And before my Saviour bow,
Where the angels are in waiting,
And who hold the gates ajar,
Who are singing, "Welcome, ransomed,"
You can hear them near and far.

You are grieving for me, mother,
Though it gave you trouble great,
When, with patience, love and kindness,
You upon me long did wait.
Yes! you never ceased your watching,
And I often heard your prayer,
That I'd put my trust in Jesus,
Where I'd never need despair.

Oft I've seen dear father weeping,
And his heart was sore with pain.
For he knew grim death was creeping,
"You," he said, "I'll meet again."
In the mansions of our Saviour,
Where all are forever blest,
There to live in peace and glory,
And enjoy eternal rest.

Unceasingly my brother watched me,
 And he did me not neglect.
 What a blessed consolation!
 I on him can not reflect.
 He to me was love and kindness,
 And he did the same bestow,
 Now, I trust my Heavenly Father
 Will guide him while here below.
 Pictou, Dec. 9, 1888.

PICTOU ISLAND CATASTROPHE.

LINES ON THE "INVERAULT."

AIR:—"The Harp that once through Tara's Hall."

Oh! Inverault; Oh, Inverault;
 Whatever brought you here?
 Calamity, to more than one,
 Which caused them many a tear.
 The sobs and sighs and mournful cries
 That's ringing in each ear,
 Of wife and child, by you beguiled!
 Misfortune brought you here.
 Misfortune to their friends that's dead,
 Who now roll in the deep,
 Cause tears and sighs from hearts and eyes,
 And long-loved friends that weep.
 Let many a grey-haired father weep,
 And many a mother mourn,
 For them who left their happy homes
 Who will no more return.
 Oh! wife and child, serene and-mild,
 We beg you no more weep,
 Our bodies lost and surf-sea tossed,
 All in the billows deep.
 Our bodies in the billows tossed,
 Sometimes in waters shoal,
 But praise to GOD who reigns above,
 Secure He has each soul.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN BEATON,

Who died at Pleasant Valley, April 28th, 1890, aged 66 years, leaving a wife and ten children to mourn their loss. He was honored and respected by all who knew him.

Now our honoured father's left us,
 Never to return again,
 To his home with God in heaven,
 Where there is no grief or pain ;
 He has ceased from earthly troubles
 For the land of light and love,
 He is freed from strife and labor,
 In that home in heaven above.

There is sorrow in the household,
 Since his pleasant smile has fled,
 There are tears of grief fast falling,
 For our loved and honored dead ;
 Now, our father he has left us,
 From this world of toil and care,
 For that fair bright home in heaven,
 Where we trust to meet him there.

Sixty-six long years have circled
 O'er his furrowed brow and head,
 They were sweet as joyous summer,
 But, alas ! they now have fled,
 By all honored and respected,
 Loved by wife and children dear,
 His last thoughts were God and heaven,
 Naught, we trust, had he to fear.

Oh, the hours were dim with sadness,
 When his limbs were cold and still,
 And his pulse beat slow and feeble,
 As grim death his life-blood chilled ;

When that face, so fair and manly,
 Paler fuded day by day,
 Well we knew his days were numbered,
 "COME," he heard the angel say.

Precious one, he rests in glory,
 From a circle broken now.
 Follow where his manly footsteps,
 Marked the way for us to go ;
 For our loved one dwells in heaven,
 With the saints and angels there,
 Let us put our trust in Jesus,
 That of heaven we may share.

Pictou, May 23rd, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT ELLIOTT,

Who was accidentally killed on the Pictou Branch Railway, Aug. 5th, 1887.
 Aged 22 years.

Oh, mother dear, mourn not for me ;
 I am with Christ in peaceful rest ;
 He is the Shepherd sent by God
 To give all souls eternal rest.
 That Shepherd have I often met,
 And Him I did despise and jeer,
 But now I'm in my Saviour's arms,
 No more I'll shed world's bitter tears.

Let father shed no bitter tears,
 But pray to God to spare his life
 That he may be a shield to you,
 My mother dear, my father's wife.
 Now, mother, weep no more for me,
 My soul in quiet is at rest
 With Christ, who came upon this world
 To make all sinners ever blest.

How often, mother, did you look
 On me your loving, well-loved son,
 In hope that I might live to be
 A shield for you when all were gone.
 But God, He did not so decree,
 That wish I sought for was not given ;
 But, mother, I have gained a prize,
 With Christ I dwell with Him in heaven.

Now bend your knee, my parents dear,
 And pray to God your soul to guide;
 That when He calls you from the world,
 With Him you ever will abide.
 And there to sing His praise with prayer,
 And join with angels in the choir ;
 If you do this with fervent heart,
 No more your Saviour will require.

Pictou, August, 1887.

THE BEAUTY OF HEAVEN.

TUNE:—“*Kathleen Mavourneen.*”

How oft have I thought of the beauty of heaven !—
 The home of the ransomed, the home of the loved ;
 Where all who dwell there are forever contented,
 The home of the righteous—that heaven above,
 Where God in His glory forever is near them,
 And angels to comfort them constantly sing—
 The high praise of God and the beauties of heaven,
 Glory to God and all praise to our King.

Chorus :—Accept now the offer that Christ freely gives you,
 A prize of great value and easily won,
 It's life everlasting, a home for the holy,
 O, why will you linger and your Saviour shun ?

Has He not given a free invitation
 To all who'll accept it, no price for the same?
 "Come unto me, all ye heavy laden,"
 Rest for the weary who believe on His name.
 None but the Saviour has made such a promise,
 And keep it He will if you trust Him and try;
 How often He cries to the sinner from heaven,
 O why not accept it? "O, why will you die?"
Chorus :—Accept now the offer, etc.

Where's joy and gladness, the same without measure,
 That promise is offered to all who may come,
 To dwell in that home, that bright crystal city,
 With Jesus, your Saviour, who died to atone.
 Where the sun never sets, where's no weeping or wailing—
 Where sorrow ne'er enters that fair, cloudless sky,
 For Christ's always there both to soothe and to comfort,
 Then why don't you come to Him, "why will you die?"
Chorus :—Accept now the offer, etc.

None can describe all the beauties of heaven,
 But those God has chosen to live with Him there,
 Where millions redeemed are now with Him dwelling,
 There's room for you, sinner, why not take a share?
 How oft has He called you, and still He keeps calling,
 To give you a share of His heavenly home,
 Where's all joy and peace, and that everlasting,
 O! come, for He died all your sins to atone.
Chorus :—Accept now the offer, etc.

How oft does He call the deluded backslider,
 And bid him return to the heavenly sphere;
 He bids you return, all your sins are forgiven;
 Why, then, don't you come? you have nothing to fear—
 We all need that Saviour who's dwelling in heaven,
 Where guardian angels are hovering round,
 O come while He calls you, long has He waited,
 No friend like Him, sinner, have you ever found.
Chorus :—Accept now the offer, etc.

Pictou, Feb. 10, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MATHESON,

Who died at West Branch, River John, Jan. 5th, leaving a widow and five children. Aged 57 years.

From this world he passed away,
 To one of peace and love ;
 To dwell with God for evermore,
 In heaven's home above :
 With meekness he his trouble bore :
 The prize he knew he won ;
 In constant, earnest prayer, he said,
 " O, Lord thy will be done."

Not unprepared to meet his God,
 For cleansed he was from sin ;
 Assured he was, he heard God say
 " Come, ransomed, enter in :
 In faithfulness you did me serve
 My promise now I'll keep ;
 That you will at my right hand sit
 And worship at my feet."

For sinners vile he often prayed,
 That they from sin might cease ;
 And worship God who dwells above,
 Where's naught but joy and peace :
 Where all who choose may have a share,
 The same is freely given ;
 A home of joy and happiness,
 That home, you know, is heaven.

My bosom friend, I bid you cease,
 Your tears of grief and woe,
 And pray to God, He will you guide,
 While you are here below ;
 Unceasing, offer to Him prayer ;
 He is the God of love ;
 That when He calls you from this world,
 You'll dwell with him above.

The loved ones I have left behind,
 I trust them to your care ;
 I know you will them wisely teach,
 That they may heaven share.
 And to this world I bid adieu,
 A world of sin and strife ;
 To live with God for evermore,
 In never-ending life.
 Pictou, Jany. 10th, 1890.

 IN MEMORIAM.

FROM MRS. S — C —, TO HER DAUGHTER AGNES.

Daughter, dear, be kind to father,
 He on earth was kind to me;
 Cherish, honour, and obey him,
 Men like him you'll seldom see.
 Oh ! the love he had for mother !
 Yes, my child, it was sincere ;
 Now he is your lonely father,
 Love him, as I did, " sincere."

In our youth we loved each other,
 And we did for many years ;
 Yes, I loved *your* father, darling,
 And we knew no bitter tears.
 Tend him ; he has loved you, daughter,
 Ever since your life began ;
 He is old and lonely, daughter,
 Do for him as best you can.

And the God who reigns above you,
 He, the same that gave you breath,
 He'll reward and doubly bless you
 While you live upon this earth.
 Father's old and crippled, "*daughter*,"
 And his limbs are growing weak,
 Kindly speak and wisely heed him,
 That his Saviour he may seek.

Pictou, June 22nd, 1885.

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